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The MAN WHO
BUCKED UP

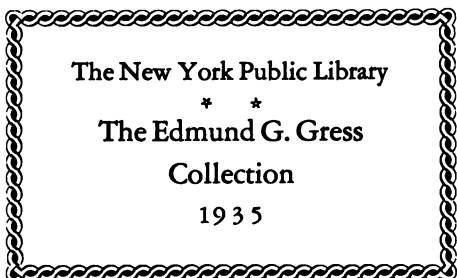
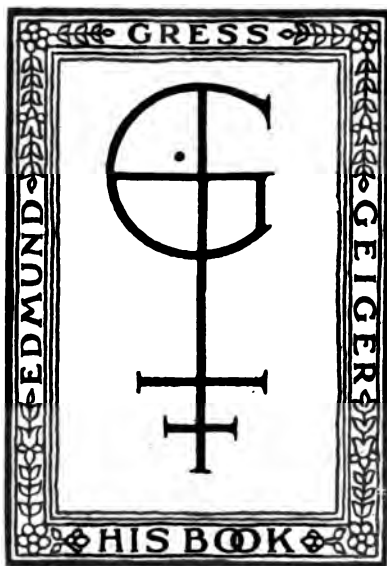
by

ARTHUR HOWARD

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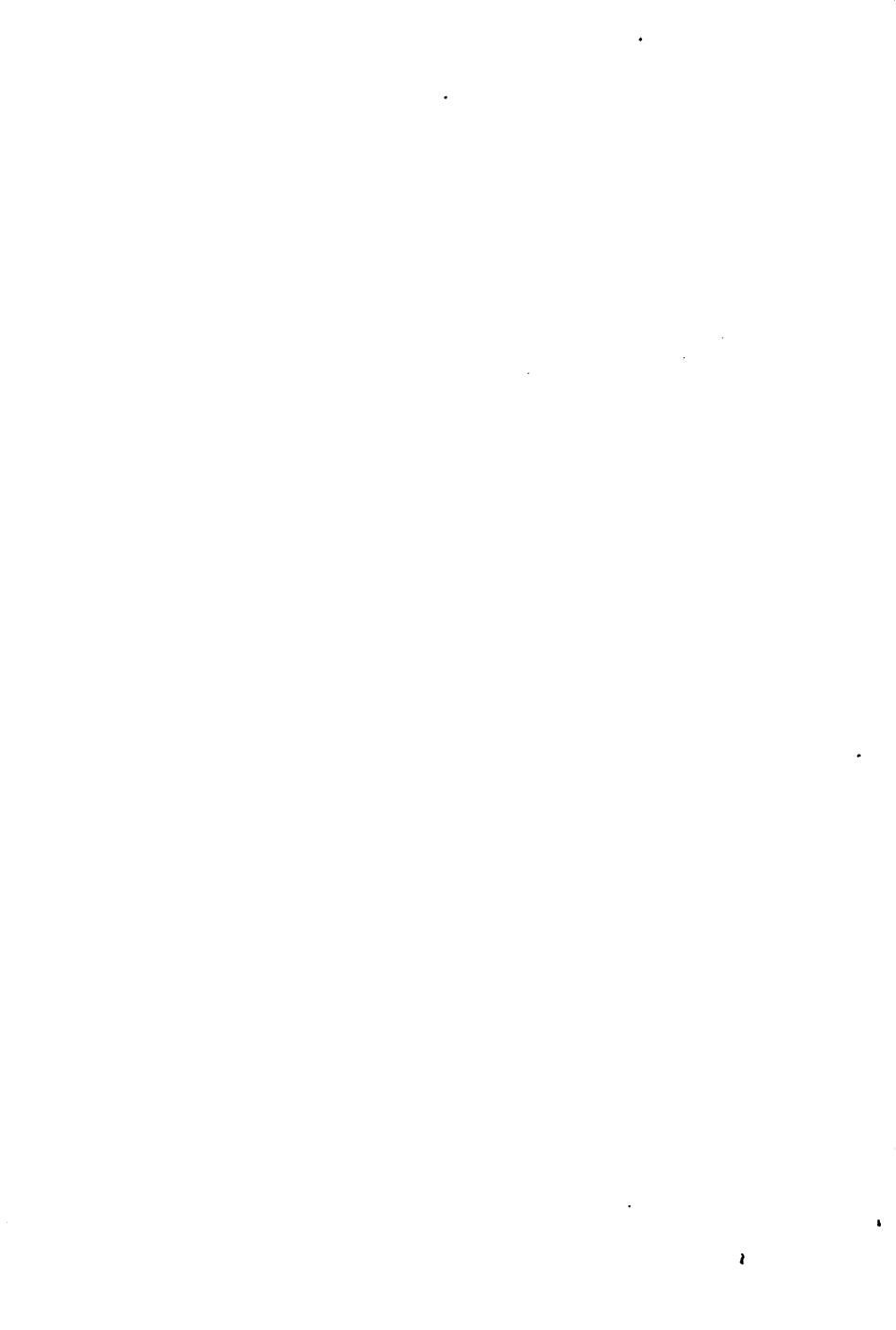
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The Man Who Bucked Up



THE
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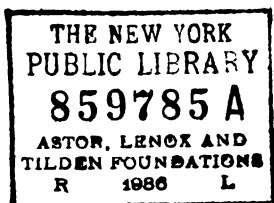
By
ARTHUR HOWARD



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TO
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AND
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"BILL" AND "ED"

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The Man Who Bucked Up

The Man Who Bucked Up

CHAPTER I

WHEN I signed my name to the check at Sherry's on August 21, 1908, I realized there was no more Sherry's for me. Perhaps that accounted for the excellent appetite I had. I ordered, I remember, oysters, egg aurore, a squab and heart-of-lettuce salad. Then I had a demi-tasse and my special Havana cigar.

As I rose and passed out of the big dining-room, the waiters stood at attention. I had been a good customer of Sherry's. I was something of a specialist in dining. In three years my bills in that one restaurant had been over seven thousand dollars.

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Just for the irony of it, I passed a dollar to the head waiter; the boy who handed me my hat and coat took the quarter I handed him without a word.

And so I left Sherry's with the remains of my last twenty-five dollars in my pocket and walked down Fifth Avenue swinging my cane like the rest of them.

I was through; and I knew I was through. It had been months coming, and I had settled it once and for all. I had taken one more plunge in Wall Street; it was one grand and glorious dip, and it went against me. I was long some five thousand shares; that is, the brokers had five hundred thousand dollars par of stocks for me. They sold me out and I was done.

The final interview with my father, held before luncheon, was very painful on both sides; stormy on my part because I was like

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a rat driven into a corner; kindly on his part, because he realized more than I did the dreadful position in which he saw me. To my statement that he owed me twenty-five dollars, he acquiesced without a word; and if I recollect correctly, there were tears in his eyes as he laid his hand on my shoulder saying, "I am sorry for you, my boy, but I cannot help you any more."

I knew that father did not owe me the twenty-five dollars, and he knew it also; but, as is too often the case, it is a habit of sons to make such requests of good fathers.

My father was Joseph P. Howard of Howard & Co, the well-known New York jewellers. During the civil war he had been a partner in Tiffany & Co., starting out for himself in 1866 under the name of Howard & Co. His first store was near City Hall on Broadway, moving to Broadway and Tenth Street,

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later occupying the store where Huyler is now at Seventeenth Street and Broadway. My father was the first retail merchant to open a store on Fifth Avenue, moving there in 1871, and had been there since.

That afternoon I sailed alone in the Fall River boat for Boston. Why Boston? I really don't know. One place seemed as good as another for me then. But I was through with New York — the place where I was born and where my life had been. I walked the deck until ten o'clock and reflected.

I was thirty-eight years old and a failure. I had had my day. In the past twenty years I had had money left me three times. And now I was leaving it all. Behind me were debts of nearly one hundred thousand dollars more; my assets were the contents of my travelling-bag and the remnants of the twenty-five dollars from my father.

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There were two men I knew on board. Twice Colfax had passed me on the deck and twice he had bowed—good old Colfax! One of my most constant companions in New York, one of my staunchest admirers, and one of those who believed in me. He did not want to ask me where I was going, and I could not have told him if he had asked. Libby, my broker, in whose office I had dropped sixty-eight thousand dollars, was on the boat, too.

It was about eleven o'clock when I heard, from my stateroom, a man's voice on the deck saying: "I guess Howard is up against it hard this time."

I raised my head from the pillow. It was Libby talking to Colfax.

"My people were carrying three thousand shares of stock for him, and we sold him out. He was eighty thousand dollars in the hole.

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His father came up with thirty thousand dollars, and we took a mortgage on his home. Bad business all around, and it is not over yet; there is still due us a matter of some ten or twelve thousand dollars."

"Howard was a good fellow," said Colfax's voice. "Dreadfully reckless. I remember one great time he gave Maud and me at Delmonico's. It was nine o'clock when we finished dinner, and Maud made some chance remark about the theatre. Nothing would do for Howard but to rush us off to the theatre in his usual style — taxicab, box, and supper afterward."

"Perfect damn fool," said Libby. "One of the kind that gives away all he has, and then commits suicide or takes to drink."

"Well," replied Colfax, "if you call a man a damn fool because he gets into debt the country is full of 'em. But I know Howard

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better than you do. There is too much good in him either to commit suicide or take to drink."

There was a knock on my door. I opened it, and saw the steward with some whiskey on a tray.

"Your order," he said.

"How much?" I queried.

"Thirty cents, sir," he replied. "Where shall I put it?"

"Take it away," I said shortly, gave him a half dollar and banged the door.

The men outside had gone. I turned in again, my head full of curious thoughts. Ten minutes later I was asleep.

Five-thirty found me up and dressed, standing impatiently in the line of passengers on the deck at Fall River.

An hour later found me in the South Station. Boston seemed a new world to me, and

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my inquiry at the information bureau elicited the reply that boarding-houses were on Beacon Hill. I soon found myself crossing the Common to Beacon Street. There I could scarcely credit any of the fine houses as my future home. A man of about my own age stood on the corner. I asked if he knew where the boarding-houses were located. He was most courteous and told me that there was an excellent house on Willow Street named the Hermitage, offering further to take me there — a block away. As we walked along my new friend informed me that his name was Frederick W. Peabody and that he was an attorney on Tremont Street. I handed him my card.

“You belong to the New York Yacht Club, I see,” he said, reading as he spoke.

“I did,” I replied.

“There is no occasion to tell me that,” he said, “I did not ask it.”

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"Well," I replied, "I believe in telling the truth."

"Always?" asked Mr. Peabody.

"No, recently," I answered.

"From your remark I observe you are an ex-liar," laughed Mr. Peabody.

At that moment we stood before the Hermitage.

"My reputation in that line has recently become almost notorious," I replied.

The atmosphere of New England is different from that of New York. Yankees are likely to judge a man by his real worth, not by his financial rating. It so turned out then that after Mr. Peabody had introduced me to the janitor he in turn introduced me to all the men staying in the house. The man occupying the room next to mine was named Ralph Lee.

In a few minutes Howard, the bankrupt,

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Sam, the janitor, and Lee, the printer, were breakfasting together at Childs's. Lee was a curious fellow. He looked poverty-stricken, yet well-fed; his clothes were frayed and old; his face full and ruddy. We smoked afterward; Sam, a corncob; Lee, a cigarette; I a cigar. And so my new life began.

I can't say I took it over-seriously at first. Seriousness had never been a fault of mine. For the first month I drifted; but I drifted, as I see now, always in one direction.

All my life I had been interested in writing and printing. I had found time from my business to become the author of several books — published, by the way, at my own expense.

Lee, the job printer, had asked me to visit his shop in Cornhill. I wandered in and saw him that afternoon — a shabby man in a little, shabby, inky room, littered with proofs.

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Afterward Lee and I went to supper, where Lee ordered apple pie and coffee, and I steak. Neither of us talked much. My remarks were chiefly in regard to the printing business and I gleaned a lot of information from him in the two hours that we talked. We returned to the Hermitage together. He went directly to his room; I to mine. I threw myself into a rocker, ran my hands into my pockets, felt of the last seven dollars to my name, mused a while over it, then suddenly arose and seizing a newspaper read the thing through, ads and all.

The next day was Sunday. As I sat there in my rocker reading the *Boston Globe*, I saw that Joe Howard, its New York correspondent, had died.

I knew Joe Howard well; he was my second cousin — a jovial, social fellow, around town all the first of the week. On Thursdays he used to disappear, saying:

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"I've got to write my weekly sermon for those Puritans up in New England."

It always seemed to me a very agreeable way of making a living. The next day I called upon the editor of the *Globe* and asked to continue Joe Howard's column. The editor was agreeable, but firm. "Joe Howard's place," he said, "can never be filled; and that column is closed forever." However, he seemed very much entertained by my conversation and advised me to write for the newspapers.

"Shall I submit something to the *Globe*?" I ventured to ask.

"No," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "From your conversation I infer that your matter would be of a humorous and personal nature, appreciated in a smaller city like Brockton or Salem."

"Salem is where my people come from,"

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I remarked, rising to go, for I could see that this kindly editor really thought I or my proposition was a bit of a joke.

“It’s a fine old town,” said he, as he shook my hand and most graciously bowed me out of the door.

I can’t say why, but for some reason his suggestion about going to Salem stayed in my head.

That night I had two dollars left. I was becoming very much worried. The next morning I awoke early; one always does when broke. Lee and I had breakfast together at Childs’s. I cut out the eggs and substituted griddles and coffee. Lee went off to business, leaving me reading the newspapers. As I sat there an item caught my eye. A man who yesterday had been in comfortable circumstances, apparently, to-day was in terrible straits — out of money, out of home,

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and almost out of friends. It is not strange that it suggested a theme to me; and as a matter of fact, before I had reached the Common that morning it began to take definite shape. I found a vacant seat near the Frog Pond, and there in the presence of the splashing fountain I wrote a poem that I called "Sunshine and Rain." I took it to an evening newspaper and they gave me six dollars for it. That night I spent a good share of it on a dinner with Lee at the Parker House. Then for three days I was the same old Arthur Howard. As the days went by I wrote innumerable poems, but they all apparently lacked the inspired touch. No one would buy them.

In no time I was strapped again, and for the first time in my life I went to bed hungry, reading in an evening paper the poem that I had written a few days before. Here it is:

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SUNSHINE AND RAIN

I will love you in the sunshine,
But I'll leave you in the rain.
Did I promise when we married?
Well! at least I've kept your name.
We said "richer," we said "poorer,"
But of course it's not the same,
For I'll love you in the sunshine,
But I'll leave you in the rain.

I am young and I am pretty,
I'll be happy by myself;
I'll not follow you in trouble,
And be put upon the shelf.
When you've money, come and seek me,
For our tastes are just the same;
And I'll love you in the sunshine,
But I'll leave you in the rain.

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There is some one living somewhere
Who is lonesome, sad, but true;
All his thoughts are turning homeward,
Little woman, just of you.
And in exile there comes daily
A remembrance and refrain,
That she loved him in the sunshine,
But she left him in the rain.

CHAPTER II

I HAD always been what is termed a moral coward; whether I was a physical coward or not I had yet to learn. My life had been spent up to this time surrounded with every possible comfort, amid conditions that were quite free from physical dangers. It takes no especial courage to frequent fashionable hotels, whether in New York, London or Paris. In all these places I was welcome. But when it came to my debts and I was pressed for payment I always refused to face the issue — unless I actually had the money — gave an evasive answer and promised anything. Furthermore, I detested stormy interviews, so that I was always ready to compromise the issue if I might thereby

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escape the storm. Of course it must be remembered, in passing judgment, that I had the name and financial reputation of a big firm behind me and a father who was indulgent to fall back on in times of dire need.

But to return to my narrative: Events were moving rapidly for me now. Boston was becoming bigger and lonelier every hour. I was beginning to feel greatly in need of some one to whom I might go with my troubles; but, like the Prodigal Son, I gradually came unto myself and beheld a changed man. Not too thoroughly changed, but changed. Several little things came up to show it. When Sam came to me with a bill of four dollars for room rent, I frankly told him that I was dead broke and that there was not a chance in the world of my paying it. That marked some small gain at least in moral

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strength. Sam roared with laughter, for some unaccountable reason, declared I was the smartest fellow he had ever met — and took me to breakfast.

When we returned to the Hermitage I found a letter for me forwarded from New York. It was re-addressed to me from my lawyer, whom I had instructed to forward all mail. I tore it open and there fell out some thirty-five dollars in cash, sent anonymously. The writing on the envelope, however, told the whole story — it was from Colfax. Sam got his four dollars and I felt like a prince when I paid it.

I spent this as freely as I had the rest. When it was gone I met a Boston man who had been in school with me. When I told him I was in hard luck, he insisted on giving me a card to the Union Club. "You can take your meals there while you are getting

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started," said he. So for two weeks more my
board was provided.

I tried for work in a big department store;
for a day I was a book agent; and all the time
I haunted newspaper offices.

Then, in the first part of October, I took a
desperate and unsuccessful plunge. I formed
a company of entertainers, backed by another
man at the Hermitage (my rooming house),
and we started out to entertain in the public
hall of Pepperell, a town near Boston. The
carfare and hotel bill were forty-three dol-
lars. We had in the house some fifteen
people. Seeing this, I circulated among the
audience and returned their money, and had
the local telephone operator notify every-
body she could reach that the show was free.
And then they didn't come!

It was a sad night for me. The next morn-
ing I sent the rest of the company home,

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and had to walk myself seven miles from Pepperell to Nashua Junction, with two dress-suit cases, to get back to Boston. And I owed my fellow member of the boarding-house over forty dollars which he had advanced to me. And now I was getting down to bedrock. I fell back on my wardrobe.

I was always a great believer in clothes from a business standpoint, especially in New York. If I intended to go back into business in New York to-morrow, the first and best investment I could make would be to put fifteen hundred dollars into clothes. A man can do almost anything in New York on the strength of a fifteen-hundred-dollar wardrobe. In Boston, I had kept up appearances carefully. I doubt if my fellow roomers really appreciated just the condition I was in.

They had sent on my clothes from home. In this wardrobe, as I remember it, there were

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fourteen suits of clothes, five overcoats, something over one hundred neckties, and some fifteen pairs of shoes. They were no cheap clothes; not a suit had cost me less than eighty dollars. There were two suits of evening clothes. One of these was a real suit of clothes. It had cost me one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and it was worth it. I never saw a better one in my life. My wardrobe was bankable; I got ninety-three dollars on it all, and out of this I paid for my theatrical venture.

I was through with theatres and high-priced hotels now. I ate with Lee, the job printer, at a dairy restaurant.

I was very glad I knew Lee. He was a great help to me, for he was a real expert on cheap feeding. He always looked well fed and rosy, and his face was unmarked with care; yet he spent almost nothing for food,

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and he did it on a carefully worked out theory.

Little by little he explained this to me. Popcorn balls were his staple. At a cent apiece, they were as filling as eggs. Two were ample for breakfast. Squash pie at five cents was equal to a small steak; with milk or coffee it made an excellent dinner. Tea must be avoided — it made you hungry. Coffee, on the other hand, was excellent — it killed the appetite. Gradually I learned from Lee the first lesson of the poverty-stricken man in the city. It is not quality or even nutriment that you must have first; it is something to fill you up.

Toward the last of October I was down and out in earnest. My money had dwindled till I could count my nickels on the fingers of one hand. Then there was one last spasm of luck for me. My house in New York had

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been sold under foreclosure. I had got no less than five mortgages on it, and my equity in it was not usable. But there was twenty-five dollars and thirty cents of rebate on insurance which was rightfully mine, and this was sent on to me.

As already hinted, I began to have an uncontrollable desire to visit, I may say inhabit, printing offices. I spent several weeks going from one newspaper office to another watching the various operations that take place in them. No one seemed to take the slightest interest in me as I wandered about from room to room, and from machine to machine. Perhaps they were too busy with the endless rush of business to be concerned with my ramblings. The life fascinated me, so that I often stayed way into the early morning hours. No step escaped my attention. As a result, I frequently found myself crossing the Com-

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mon at two or three in the morning, although I had been cautioned repeatedly that it was a risky thing to do, as the place was infested by dangerous characters. But somehow I did not seem to care. I had become, potentially at least, a dangerous character myself. This was part of the change. I felt myself in a somewhat desperate state of mind that made me careful in the spending of my meagre money, while at the same time reckless of my person. In fact, I rarely thought of myself in respect to personal harm. It seemed now part of my daily life to take a chance. And many a night I said good-night to a companion from one of the newspaper offices as he left me to walk around the Common, while I plunged into the shadow of the trees, passed down by the shore of the Pond and slowly made my way to the Hermitage. But with all my recklessness and apparent don't-care

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spirit, I took particular care of my clothes and was always carefully shaved. It is a practical truth, at least among strangers, if not always among friends, that clothes make the man. Whether we like it or not, whether it is right or not, outside show passes for a whole lot in this present age. Lee, on the other hand, was usually in rags and unshaven, but cheerful. Sunny Jim might well have been his name. His meals were uniformly the same — pie and coffee — varied occasionally by an egg sandwich.

A few days after this, as Lee and I were eating breakfast together in silence, my eye fell on the following item in the *Boston Post*:

SALEM "GAZETTE" CLOSES

OLDEST PAPER IN THE STATE ENDS ITS
CAREER

SALEM, MASS. — The *Salem Gazette*, founded in 1768, ceased publication to-day. It has

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been recently issued as a daily. There are no assets or liabilities. It died a natural death. The old plant is now doing job work.

The old newspaper in the town of my ancestors! The suggestion which had come to me when I talked with the editor of the *Globe* returned to my mind. I could go back again, perhaps, and find a living in the place my people had sprung from. I took the first train for Salem.

It was noon before I arrived in the town of my fathers. The *Gazette* machinery and franchise were owned, it seemed, by Robin Damon, the proprietor of the only daily newspaper in the city. I entered the rather pretentious office of the *News*, and waited for its owner, who was out.

Presently he came in — a thick-set, heavy-jowled, red-headed man.

"Is this Mr. Damon?" I asked.

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"Yes."

"Do you own the *Gazette*?" I inquired.

"Why?"

"I wanted to buy it," I said smiling.

"It is not for sale," he cut in, turning and sitting down to a book which lay on his desk.

He was a type I was not unfamiliar with. For five minutes I stood perfectly still, waiting for further signs of action — at the end of which time he arose and came brusquely toward me.

"Can I do anything for you?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Will you give me permission to publish the *Gazette*?" I asked suavely.

"Where are you from?" said Mr. Damon.

"New York," I answered, with my best smile.

"New York! Well, you had better go back again," he growled. "Plenty of men

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have tried to publish a daily paper in Salem, but the people here are satisfied with the *News*. We have covered this field for thirty years. There's no chance for another paper to break in here. It would cost a small fortune, and only a fool would try it."

He made a grimace, apparently intended for a smile, checked himself, gave me a cold stare, and turned and sat down again with a grunt. I had a feeling that I should leave. I excused my best dancing-school bow, smiled benignly upon the entire office force, and left the office.

Two minutes later, as I was sauntering down the street, I turned around and came face to face with a man who was following me. I recognized him as one of the men employed in the *News* office.

I don't like opposition; I was always a spoiled child. This thing grated on my finer

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sensibilities. Besides, I had over twenty dollars in my pocket. I turned back and stepped into the first bank I came to. Two employees were swapping stories, which they seemed under some obligation to finish before they looked at me. Presently I caught the eye of the taller of the two and said, "I am thinking of starting a daily newspaper in Salem. Where could I get a reporter?"

Both men started as if shot. The man to whom I addressed my remark, burst out laughing. "I admire your nerve," he roared.

"I know, but that man over there in the *News* office was so insulting to me, and was so cocksure that only a fool would attempt to make a go of a newspaper in this town, that I've quite made up my mind to take a chance."

"It's an awful chance. Old Damon is a bad one when he gets going, and never has tolerated any rivals."

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"Well, he'll tolerate me," I said quietly.

"All right, go ahead, and here's wishing you good luck. As a matter of fact the merchants of this place have been anxious for a new paper for a number of years, for they are now at the mercy of this one paper. But Damon controls everything in the newspaper line, and I guess it can't be done."

"How can he stop me?" I asked.

"Don't know that he can," said the banker, "but he'll make a good try."

The idea amused them heartily. They told me that fourteen separate men had appeared with fourteen different newspapers and all had gone down before Damon. Nevertheless they referred me to a man who might know about a reporter — George Day, a local tailor.

CHAPTER III

AS I entered George Day's shop, he arose from his chair in a business-like way, but after a glance at me from head to foot, he sat down again.

"I am not a customer," I said. "I come for information."

"Political?" inquired Mr. Day.

"Oh, my! no," I said. "I am not a politician."

"Well, whatever you come for, sit down and make yourself at home; at least you are somebody new, and they are scarce and always welcome," said Mr. Day.

"Am I the only stranger that has come into the city recently?" I inquired, seating myself.

Day filled his pipe and his eyes twinkled.

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After lighting it carefully, he said: "You confess you are a stranger. They are rare in Salem. They often pass through, but one look is enough — they instantly take the first car or train back to where they came from. The fact is Salem is in wrong; too much 'witch' business; it seems to scare the new-comer. As a business proposition, the city is dead."

"That's too bad," I replied, "because I came here to go into business."

"Got a license?" said Mr. Day.

"A license for what?" I asked.

"To sell booze," replied Day.

"Certainly not," I laughed. "Do I look like a liquor dealer?"

"No, you do not; but the booze business is the only chance of making any money here."

"How about the clothing business? You

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seem to do business here," I said looking at his stock of goods.

"Look here," said Day, with considerable animation, "don't think for a minute that I am a native—I come from Boston. I came here one day fourteen years ago and have never been able to get away since."

"Isn't any one here sport enough to stake you for the fare?" I asked.

"It isn't that, but I married a Salem girl," replied Day.

"And the Salem girls are ——"

"Mrs. Day is a good fellow," he replied.

"Your family is an exception," I said blandly. "It is rare that two good fellows happen in one family!"

"Cut out the 'con' business," he said, shortly. "It doesn't go with me."

I smiled and blew a volume of smoke into

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the air. We both smoked on in silence.
Presently I handed him a cigar.

"I never refuse," he said, laying aside his pipe.

We continued to smoke, each watching the other. The silence grew awkward, so I cleared my throat.

"To be frank with you," I said, "I came to Salem to start a daily paper. I am looking for a reporter, and incidentally some information about Salem."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to start a newspaper here and yet are not familiar with the conditions in this town?" he asked.

"I never thought of Salem until 9 A. M. to-day," I replied.

"But why Salem?" asked Day.

"Well, one place is as good as another, and Salem, it seems, has but one paper. It looks

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like a busy place, and my grandfather was born here, and the conditions look good."

Day put his head back and whistled, "Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore," after which he said:

"Mr. Stranger ——"

"Mr. Howard," I cut in.

"Well, Mr. Howard, you came here for a reporter and for information. I'll give you the latter and then you can select the former, if you have the nerve."

"Nerve" seemed to be in the air.

"Salem," he continued, "is a hotbed of political misdeeds. It is run by four cliques. First and foremost is Colonel Peterson, a contractor, who has dominated county politics for years. He does all the dirty political work in this section for the big men in the state. He was twice mayor and would be still, only a minister, who has since left here, told him

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that if he ever dared run for office again he would come back and tell the truth about him. Some men are afraid of the truth here. Then there are the McSweeney brothers, three of them—William, Morgan, and Parker. William is an alderman and a republican; his partner, Morgan, is a democrat; Parker is an independent; so that no matter what party you line up with, one of the brothers is with you.”

“How about the prohibition party?” I asked.

“Théy are all members of a temperance club and do not drink,” he said.

“How about the liquor interests?”

“McSweeney brothers are lawyers and attorneys for most of the liquor people,” he replied.

“Cinch,” I said.

“Open and shut,” he replied; and continued: “The third party is headed by the

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present mayor, John F. Hurley. Hurley always has two thousand votes in his vest pocket; consequently, any time that three candidates are put up, John F. wins out."

"He has run before?" I asked.

"Eleven times, and will run until 'Hell freezes over.'"

"Why should the fact of 'Hell's freezing over' interfere with Salem?" I asked.

"I spoke politically," he replied, "and politically Salem is Hell. The fourth party is made up of the old aristocrats and the business men. They flit from Peterson to McSweeney and to Hurley as it appears expedient."

"Why doesn't the *News* tell all this?" I inquired.

Day laughed. "The *News* is all parties; it is hopelessly involved. Colonel Peterson is a friend of Mr. Damon; the McSweeneys are friends of the *News* reporters; and for

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respectability's sake the policy of the *News* is to be in with the aristocrats and business men."

"Then how is John F. Hurley elected?" I asked.

"Simple," said Day. "The people hate the *News* because it has slandered so many families in town, so that every once in a while the people rise in their wrath and vote for John F. just to spite the *News*. Twenty years ago Damon had to skip to Europe for two years to avoid arrest for libel! It was patched up in his absence and he returned 'improved in health.' Since then he has been more cautious. But the *News* is the limit. It says just what it pleases, whether it be true or not."

"It looks like a money-maker," I said, picking up a copy. "There are plenty of ads."

"Sure thing. We have to advertise in it or get slammed."

"How would it be if I told all about the

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Colonel, the McSweeneys, John F. Hurley and the *News*? Would the people like it?" I asked.

"Like it! They'd eat it up. But have you got money enough?"

"How much would it take?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, the *News* says."

"I haven't got any," I said.

"How can you do it then?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to try," I replied quietly, handing him another cigar and lighting one myself.

"Look here, Mr. Howard," he exclaimed. "You will make a ten-strike in this town, but, remember, if you hit one you hit all. You cannot trust any one. Everybody here is mixed up with some crowd, and if you do as you intimate, this city will turn turtle. Personally I believe the people want it, and after all, you will only have to tell the truth. Fact

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is, no one has ever showed them up. But," he hesitated, "it requires nerve. Have you got it?"

"Nerve" again!

Before I had a chance to reply, he said, "When do you start?"

"To-morrow."

"Why so soon?"

"Because I want to get going before any one knows it."

"But no one knows it," he rejoined.

"You do," I replied.

"But you don't believe I would tell, do you?"

"I don't know that you would; but I am taking your advice," I added.

"What?" he asked.

"To trust no one."

He held out his hand. "You're the boy, Howard," he exclaimed. "But, gee! I can

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see your troubles coming faster than hail-stones."

"'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,' " I quoted as I arose, took a paper along with me and left the room.

CHAPTER IV

TWENTY minutes later I was reading in the Public Library the old files of the *News*. When it started thirty years before, it was not much more than a hand-bill, as full of typographical errors as anything could be and remain understandable. What I knew about newspapers was nothing, but I could certainly start as good a one as Mr. Damon had.

That evening, about eight o'clock, I visited Lee at his printing-plant in Cornhill. I had a business proposition to make to him. When I asked if he would print a newspaper for me, he almost collapsed with joy. His price was fifteen dollars a day.

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I offered him five dollars. He hesitated. "Cash," I added. He accepted.

I sat down at once, and in a couple of hours I handed him my copy, which he started immediately to set into type. There was no sleep for us that night. At four o'clock the press work was all done. On the first train I took out to Salem the first five hundred copies of the *Morning Dispatch*. Four hundred and fifty of them I left at the local newsdealers and went into a nearby restaurant for breakfast.

The restaurant was a few doors from the *News* office. As I stepped out of it, Mr. Damon, its editor, came tearing up in his automobile. And as he came to the curb, the man who had been following me the day before stepped up and handed him a copy of my new sheet. He tore it open, gave a jerky laugh and, crushing it in his hand, walked into his office.

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No doubt his contemptuous laugh was justified. Yet, it was music to me to hear the voices of two subsidized newsboys singing out, "*Dispatch! Dispatch!*" before his office.

Then I walked over to Day's tailor shop. It was full of men, to whom Day introduced me with a sweep of his hand. I gave each of them a copy of my paper. Day was the first to break the pall of silence that ensued.

"It's awful cute," he said.

That was true; it was just about the size of Damon's first effort.

"Reminds me of a doll's house," said another man.

"Not only is it what you call cunning, but it is remarkable for its lack of information," said a man on the table. "For instance, where are the deaths and marriages?"

"We don't believe in encouraging either deaths or marriages," I replied

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Every one laughed and the conversation became general. While I talked of New York every one was quiet, but on local issues they all expressed long opinions. Somehow, conversation came back to the *Dispatch*, and Day said:

“Really, Mr. Howard, your paper is pretty punk. There’s nothing to it. If you cannot give us a large sheet, the thing won’t go here.”

This sentiment seemed to be the sentiment of the crowd, excepting one man. He was tall and bony, about thirty-five, with sharp features. He was smoking a big, black cigar which he held savagely between his teeth. He spoke up in a strong, resonant voice that drowned out all the others.

“Shut up, the whole crowd of you. You don’t know nothing nohow. What difference does it make how it starts as long as it starts. You all condemn the *News* and hope for an-

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other paper. It's here. Now for Heaven's sake nourish it; don't strangle it. Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Howard," looking me up and down. "There ain't much to you, but you've got a sharp way that I like. Come on, let's get away from the Knocker's Club," and he half pulled me out of the room. When we were on the street he blurted out, "Those fellows are my friends, but they are always looking for trouble, so be mighty careful what you say in their presence, for any one of them would sell you out for ten dollars — except Ed."

"Which was Ed," I asked.

"He wasn't there," he replied.

"And what is your name, Mr. ——?" I asked.

"No Mister to it; just Bill, that's all," he added, turning to go.

I held out my hand. He looked at it, then

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pulled out a cigar, put it in my outstretched hand, turned and started up the street. I stood a moment watching him as he strode along and noticed that every one seemed to be acquainted with him. A big policeman stood near me. I stepped up to him and said, pointing to my ungainly friend:

"Who's Bill?"

"Bill? Oh, he is the junior partner of the big dry goods store over there."

So I met Bill Sanborn, the young dry goods man. Later I was to meet Ed Allen his friend.

At that point a thin, gray-haired man of about forty-five, who stood next to the policeman smoking a tattered cigarette, broke in with the remark,

"Bill is one of the few live ones that are left in Salem."

"Thank you," I said.

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"Don't mention it, Mr. Editor," he replied.

"Know me already?" I asked in astonishment.

"Bought your paper at six-thirty; saw you at seven-fifteen on the Square; connected the two." He took another puff of his cigarette. "Old Sour Grapes almost ran over the Pinheads this morning in his automobile, and the Lemonade Boys are running around like chicks with their heads off."

"Who," I asked, laughing, "is Old Sour Grapes — and the Pinheads — and the Lemonade Boys?"

"Old Sour Grapes is Damon; Pinheads are those politicians who infest the Square; and the Lemonade Boys are the reporters of the *News*. They are all a sour lot."

I burst out laughing.

"You seem to have sized them up," I exclaimed.

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"Oh, the 'Missus' and I have them all canned," replied Ben Reed, my new friend, taking another puff and moving away.

I waited around until noon and then I called at the newsdealer's and asked for reports. The proprietor told me that he settled at the end of the month. I took the next train for Boston.

I started the *Dispatch* on Saturday, October twenty-fourth. We came through the next week the best we could, both of us working all night long. In the morning I carried the edition to Salem. Saturday night Lee presented me his bill for thirty dollars. I gave him what I had — fifteen dollars.

"That's all I've got," I said, "I'm dead broke."

Lee said nothing at the time; he was not a quick moving body. But that night, when we were at supper, apropos of nothing he

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remarked suddenly in a sad voice: "Dead broke!"

Several times he muttered the phrase.

"That ends it," he said; "I'm down and out. I counted on you. I thought you had money."

"What?" I said, returning his excitement. "Haven't you got anything either?"

"Not a cent," said Lee. "They were just going to foreclose on me when you started up your newspaper; I counted on you."

"What will you do?" I said finally.

"I don't know," said Lee mournfully.

He was a phlegmatic individual, who lay down peacefully when he got in trouble.

"It isn't new," he continued. "I always get just about into this condition. This will be the fourth time. Yep," he mused, "the fourth time. Once in Chicago, once in Los Angeles, and once in Savannah."

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"You choose extreme distances," I suggested.

"Got to," said Lee in tones of resignation. "It's safer. You see, the plan is this: I work at the case till I save up about one hundred dollars, and then I put it down as first payment for machinery and start for myself."

"Who is your creditor?" I asked him.

Lee named a type-founders company, adding dully: "They always have been. You see," he explained, "they don't know it. Their business is so large that all you need to do is to open an account with them in another city; they never know the difference."

We got up.

"Well, I suppose you'll give it up and go back to your people," I said.

"Haven't any," said Lee. "I've got to hang on here as long as I can."

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So Lee, peripatetic job printer, and Howard, bankrupt jeweller and speculator, got together in their new enterprise, and fought desperately to keep it afloat.

The job printer was a star; Lee was as automatic a typesetter as a linotype; he could go to sleep setting type. The editor was another matter. I filled up the paper first with merry jests on the weather and a few old poems I carried in my mind; I gave them a little Wall Street news, and for filling I used time-tables and a few columns of advertising that I got permission to run free.

As might have been expected, both Lee and I got behind at the Hermitage and we were considerably bothered by the landlord. It was not long before we had a call from Mr. Peabody, who was the attorney for the Hermitage. He proved to be very kind-hearted and was considerably interested in the *Dis-*

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patch, offering to aid me in writing the editorials, an assistance I was very glad to have. We began on general topics, handling anything from tariff to suicide. But soon I worked inevitably into local topics.

After we had been going a short time, I noticed that my esteemed contemporary, the *News*, instead of picking up and criticising local affairs, had an interesting habit of wandering outside of the city from time to time, and ferociously assaulting some distant interest. The Standard Oil Company was a favourite mark; every now and then the *News* would start up out of a sound sleep and tear the Standard Oil monopoly to pieces.

Now, I had known the Standard Oil people very well. I had been in school with two of the younger Rockefellers, and it was my opinion that they were as good people as the editor of the *News*. I thought these articles

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were a cheap and unfair method of pretending virtue, and that, so far as monopoly went, the methods of the *News* in Salem were far worse than those of the Standard Oil in the United States.

Mr. Peabody and I framed up an editorial to this effect, and we ran it.

This particular issue of the *Dispatch* took our last two dollars. I didn't have carfare to take the papers to Salem and sell them .

That morning Mr. Peabody dropped into the office. "Have you mailed a copy to the Standard Oil Company?" he asked.

That suggested an idea to me, and I went over to the office of the Standard Oil Company on Congress Street. I sent in my old New York card with "New York Yacht Club" on it, and the manager sent for me to come in immediately. I handed him a copy of the *Dispatch*, which he read through carefully.

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“How many do you want?” I asked him.

“Two thousand,” said he.

I gasped. Our edition was two hundred and we had not a sheet of paper more.

When I finally explained this, the manager said all right, he would pay in advance. And there was twenty dollars in real money. Life was revived again. It was certainly a close call for us — the first of many.

I don't care to recall that next month. It was a very cold November that year; and at the beginning of it Lee and I were obliged to leave the rooming house and go down to his printing-office in Cornhill, where there wasn't any rent to pay, or at least there wasn't any rent paid.

It was a dreadful month. I went to Salem every day and got together as many pennies as I could, and brought them back in the evening. We had to lay out twenty-five cents a

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day for paper — two hundred sheets, which was our edition. I went out and bought the quarter's worth of paper and brought it back under my arm.

Then there was carfare to Salem. What we had left we had for ourselves. Many a night I had only twenty cents left over for our food, and sometimes Lee had nothing to eat at all until I brought back my small change from Salem.

That month tested to the utmost Lee's system on how to live on nothing in particular.

We had beans when we could afford them. Oftener we had squash pie. But we chiefly relied upon popcorn balls for agreeably and thoroughly distending our stomachs for the nominal sum of a penny. I don't know that I was greatly harmed. I had been very fond of the piquant and elaborate sauces of the Fifth Avenue restaurants; but the plain food, I

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really believe, was better for me than what I had been accustomed to. It certainly would have been if I had had enough of it. But I hadn't. What we took in from the *Dispatch* would not feed us, even with squash pie and popcorn balls.

The day soon came when we found ourselves absolutely out of food. Lee went out, and when he came back he had five dollars and no overcoat.

"You take it," he said, "and go home to your people." Good old Lee, he was a generous-hearted chap. Of course I refused, and we ate a good meal and started over again.

We slept on a pile of newspapers on the floor. In the morning we got up and stole over to the Quincy House, in the next street, to wash ourselves. We warmed our place by a little stove, with coke, of which we bought ten cents' worth at a time. It often got cold

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in the night, because the stuff burnt out if we didn't wake up every now and then and throw more of it in the stove.

One night Lee became very ill; about two o'clock he had a very bad chill. It was bitter cold. I got up and walked over a mile to a public hospital, and begged some quinine. When I got back I had a chill of my own. But the quinine saved us both.

Every day, though, without a slip, we got out the *Dispatch*. It was late, often; it ran from a morning to an afternoon newspaper. But it came out, and it was sold. I myself was the newsboy. To the onlooker the situation had its elements of fresh and joyous humour. I had glimpses of it myself at the time.

The town newsdealer had sold the *Dispatch* for the first week, and, according to his statement, that he settled at the end of each

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month, he was due to pay me then. But when I arrived to get my money, he said there was practically nothing coming to me. Later he said that the paper was smaller than the others and got lost easily, and that he sold too few to make it worth while; besides, he didn't care especially to get in wrong with the *News*. So after that I let him have only a few copies, and I went out and sold the *Dispatch* myself.

There were a number of subscribers now. I had made my headquarters in Day's tailor shop; and every now and then one of the callers there gave me a quarter, subscribing to my paper for a month. It got about seventy-five subscribers that way, but I had to walk six miles a day to deliver them all, as they lived in every part of the city. Then every day I went out and peddled papers myself on Old Town House Square. In this way I sold about twenty-five newspapers.

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I still had left a frock coat and a high hat, principally because I couldn't get anything for them. As the weather got colder I reinforced my thin frock coat with copies of the *Dispatch* beneath my vest. On my feet I had thin low shoes. I was not over-warm.

A few weeks before, I was dodging and turning down side streets whenever I saw anybody I knew. Now I stood on the Public Square and sold my wares without a quiver.

It was worth while doing, if for nothing else than for its glimpse of Town House Square and the politicians. Salem is cut in two by the railroad, and there is practically no way of getting from one side to the other without passing through Town House Square, which leads over the short tunnel of the railroad through the centre of the city.

The population of the city passes and repasses the spot. Around the tiny square, the

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cheap curbstone politicians, who for the past twenty years had controlled the town, met every day in a kind of sidewalk caucus, heard the news, and settled the destinies of the city.

The prominent feature on the corner was the leader of the aldermen, a man named Doyle — one of those big, silent, “mysterious Mike” kind of Irishmen who say nothing, but listen and utter monosyllables. His business was that of ticket-taker at a theatre. He raised a large family, and made considerable investments in real estate and even corporation stocks.

Another constant attendant was an ex-mayor, “Col.” Peterson, a roaring, rough-and-ready politician with a warlike moustache — a loud talker and a lumpy dresser, with a hearty independent habit of profanity.

With them, often, were the McSweeney boys, minor city officials and politicians,

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famous locally for having a foot in all political camps.

The political editor of the *News*, one of those April dressers with dark brown hat, a light brown overcoat, steel gray trousers, and lavender socks, stood with them.

It was a curious sight to see the men who were really operating the affairs of the city gathering every day upon old Town House Square. It was the sadness of the thing that struck me, the solemnity with which they did their duty. Every afternoon they met together, talked over the affairs of the city, and spat sadly into the gutter.

I knew nothing about politics. I had paid absolutely no attention to it all my life. But I could scarcely run a local newspaper and not be drawn into it.

CHAPTER V

THE manager of a theatre sent me two tickets for every performance. After attending several performances I became convinced that the Salem people were being deceived. The *News* received from this theatre fifteen hundred dollars a year for advertising, and evidently a technical agreement existed between them to praise every play that came there. I saw a performance of "The Merry Widow" advertised and written up as being identical in cast and scenery as the New York production. The only likeness between the two was the price of seats — two dollars in each instance. The principals were inferior and the chorus cut in half. I did not feel that I should indulge in too rabid criticism, but it

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did seem to me that a humorous criticism of a minor company, which had been loudly heralded by the *News*, might prove a popular move and perhaps either make the *News* stop misleading the public or help induce the manager to give better shows.

Some of my readers will understand, I think, when I say that this flippancy of style — my undignified sense of humor — had been in nearly every crisis of my life my one defence against the flings of outrageous fortune and the nearly tragic consequences of my own folly. It was what finally won me the support of the people. Even the most serious men can be reached by ridicule. There was a peculiar sadness among the so-called big men in Salem, which was reflected in the pages of the *News*. No one, apparently, had ridiculed anything until I came. It was time, I thought, for some one to commence.

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One night after witnessing a performance entitled "The Cowboy's Romance," I returned to the *Dispatch* office to write a criticism of the play. It was the beginning of our dramatic column, and the first occasion when we treated a serious matter flippantly.

SATURDAY NIGHT

"THE COWBOY'S ROMANCE" AT THE LOCAL THEATRE

Up to Saturday night we did not quite know what to be thankful for on Thanksgiving, because ours has not been a bed of roses this last year, but now we can truly say we are grateful and would give thanks because we have seen this company.

It is hard to understand why a company like this comes to Salem. They should be playing on Broadway alongside of Belasco's, John Drew, and Sothern. However, that is their business, not ours.

Saturday's attraction was "The Cowboy's Romance," and when we arrived, a beautiful maiden dressed like Hiawatha was telling the hero that henceforth she would be good. It seems that Helen Brockway (who wore a Mother Hubbard dress of eight-cents-a-yard

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calico) had a father who promised Brigham Young's eighty-second wife that he would make her the wife of some one, somewhere, at some time, all of which was very careless of him. Whereupon, Hiawatha commenced to play with matches in the window. A pistol went off and a man dressed like Santa Claus was killed.

Everybody told lies in the second act and there was a beautiful scene where Helen Brockway and her father wept in each other's arms; never mind why. They just wept — perhaps because they both realized what bad actors they really were.

The third act was a court scene, and shades of Neal Dow and Father Mathew! what do you think? The judge was "pye-eyed," and at one time he adjourned court to get another drink. The hero called the villain a "naughty boy" twice, Hiawatha refused "tainted money," and Helen still wore her eight-cent calico and was a perfect lady. Pistols were shot off, some one said "damn," and His Honor was "drunk as a lord."

When the curtain fell we turned to our neighbour and said, "Clarence, would'st thou be a judge?" "Lead on, oh, Brutus!" he replied; and we went to a convenient drug store, showed a clerk a prescription our doctor gave us for a "thirst," which he had already made up. Some one said, "Here's luck"; we said, "Drink hearty"; and something was said about "another."

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In the last act the hero and the villain played a cute game with knives, called "You're a Thanksgiving turkey, or, I will cut your wishbone," which was very exciting. No one was hurt, however, until a man looking like Lydia E. Pinkham's long-lost brother, and president of the fat men's club, shot the villain. The heroine arrived in the same dress, gracefully carrying a transfer ticket to Scollay Square.

And we went home to tell mother all about it.

The manager of the theatre came to see me. He was very indignant. I explained to him that presenting such plays, fit only for the Bowery, and advertising them as Metropolitan successes, would hurt his theatre in the long run and that the number of empty seats nightly was a proof of my deductions. I also called his attention to the fact that none of the actors had been called by name and that it was all written in good humour, but he would not listen; declared he was offended and told me that my free seats would be stopped.

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We had been publishing just a month when Day sent for me to come into his office and introduced me to "Link" Allen, one of the aldermen, a long-legged man, the sonorous grandeur of whose profanity was unequalled in my experience. He explained to me in a passionate ecstasy of language that the *News* had criticised severely a "junket" taken by a city government committee of which he was chairman. It was the first criticism of the kind of a city committee, and was put in, he said, by a city official who was a stockholder in the *News*, who wasn't invited on the trip.

The alderman brought out the fact, which I already understood to some extent, that the stock of the *News* was held by men high in the political and business management of the city.

"The rest of the people don't have any show," said Allen. "They'll print what they want to."

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Day confirmed this; he had told me of it, the first day I went into his office, as the reason why a newspaper would be welcome.

So I printed "Link" Allen's letter claiming that the cost of his committee's trip had not been excessive — in fact, had been less than a recent trip of the Water Board, headed by Alderman Doyle. With this letter I printed my own comment, which ended:

If anything is to be said, let us have it all. The *Dispatch* may be relied upon for a square deal all round.

The object of this newspaper is to give the whole news, not part of it, and also to see that all have fair play.

That letter and editorial gave me the first real instruction about what the public wanted. I knew nothing about a newspaper, naturally; I had spent my life in the jewellery business. I didn't have much local news; we hadn't anybody to gather it. I had been publishing editorials on President Eliot's retirement, the

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Baconian theory of Shakespeare, and similar topics.

The next day the melancholy congregation of politicians on Town House Square was thoroughly stirred. Alderman Doyle marched down in portentous silence, disappeared into the *News* office, and held a long and gesticulatory interview with its proprietor. When the *News* came out at eleven o'clock, it bore the cryptic message:

Some people are saying that the Water Board's trip cost eighty-four dollars. But such is not the case.

One thing was very clear: the *News* was not going in any way to recognize our existence. This made its defence of Alderman Doyle very awkward. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, it would be a good idea to take a shot at the *News*. So, applying the idea of its own Standard Oil editorials to the

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local situation, I opened up my series of "Octopus Stories." The first one ran like this:

A SIMPLE TALE

The head of "The Newspaper" sat in his office. His fine, intellectual face was rapt in thought, when suddenly there entered one of the staff.

"Sire," said he, bowing low, "methinks the people are on to us."

"How?" said the chief nervously.

"Peradventure, my lord," continued the scribe, "they say this is not a newspaper, but a spite paper — that we suppress part of the news to spite others." The great man raised his head and spoke thus:

"If you can sting Link, why, go right ahead;
But suppress news of Doyle," the great man said.

A pause.

The advertising agent, accompanied by the editorial writer, entered.

"Most learned one," said the former, "I would advise thee that the advertisers are waking up."

Trembling with dread, the "Octopus" roared:

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"Quick! Write an editorial damning the Standard Oil. Call them brigands. It always takes, and will divert the advertisers from resenting the twenty-five per cent. advance, and the readers from seeing that we do not publish all the news."

Saying which, he called one of his three automobiles, and was whirled away to his palatial home, where he composed a finely worded editorial for the next issue.

There was little doubt that the editor of the *News* was excited over my "Octopus Stories." He called in his attorneys and threatened trouble.

In the meantime Lee and I were having our troubles. One especially cold night in November, when we were sitting dejectedly around our stove, the door opened and Mr. Peabody stepped in. He gave one glance around the room and then came over to me and laid his hand on my shoulder, saying abruptly,

"I want you to come with me."

I immediately arose, put on "our" overcoat

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that Lee had just returned, and went with Mr. Peabody to his rooms. We walked along in silence, each buffeting the storm as best he could, for this was no night for conversation. Presently I found myself in his suite of rooms. He took my hat and overcoat somewhere and in a moment returned and led me into a chamber and said kindly, "Go to bed." I was dumfounded, but obeyed. Half an hour later he brought me a delicious omelette and a cup of steaming coffee. "I am quite a cook," he remarked. I thought so too, and it seemed to me that I had never tasted anything in my life quite so delicious. He sat down in a huge Morris chair in the room and chatted with me in a casual, impersonal way. Perhaps I ought to have said that I was eating my meal in bed. When I had finished this repast I slipped down beneath the sheets. What with the warmth of the room, the comfortable

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softness of the bed and my square meal, I was not long in going to sleep, leaving Mr. Peabody sitting there smoking a cigar. The next morning he asked me if he could write to any of my relatives or friends. "No," I replied, "I have none now. I've made my own bed and must lie on it. Thank you very much for your kindness. Good-bye."

When I was halfway downstairs he joined me.

"I shall expect you back to-night, and every night until you get a home," he said. Another example of New England and its people. I lived with him two comfortable weeks. I enjoyed his books and our talks. He literally gave me a new lease of life. Perhaps, best of all, he restored my self-respect.

CHAPTER VI

WE struggled along the next few weeks the best we could. I continued my attacks on the local political ring and the *News*. The more I looked into the political management of the place, the worse it looked to me. And as I brought out one thing after another, there was interest and friendly comment. But our circulation did not go up appreciably. We had just about a hundred, and nobody would advertise with us. We had little enough to give them, and all the big advertisers were hitched up with the *News* — some of them as stockholders. The rest of the town was scared to death of it.

Lee and I grew poorer and poorer. Finally the type company gave notice that it would

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take its plant away at eight o'clock the next morning. Lee and I worked all night and printed six editions of the paper ahead. The only difference in them was the date-lines. The next day the old printing-shop at Cornhill was cleared out. The mice left at the same time.

We had six days' leeway. All that week I went about nearby cities, trying to get some one to sell me a printing equipment. I found a hand-press and some type in a second-hand shop in Boston, which the owner would sell for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, but he wanted seventy-five dollars cash.

The sales of the paper meanwhile dropped down to eleven copies a day. We only lasted the week out by again calling on the Boston manager of the Standard Oil Company and collecting three dollars as an annual subscription.

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The end of the three dollars approached. I had got the second-hand-press man to reduce his cash deposit to twenty-five dollars. But twenty-five dollars was as far off, practically, as seventy-five dollars. So I went dejectedly over to our old office in Cornhill to take Lee out and give him a plate of beans. Lee was cleaning up some papers in a corner.

"Hello," he said, all at once; "here is that motor I bought of the Electric Company."

That saved us. The motor, Lee said, had cost fifty dollars. I ran downstairs, got a truck and dragged the machine around to the second-hand shop. The owner took it, agreeing to give us the plant, and the next day it was shipped down to Salem.

I had thought of renting the "House of the Seven Gables." It was closed and running to decay, and I could have rented it for fifteen

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dollars a month. It would have been an excellent advertisement to say I published my paper there. But just before I arrived a patriotic Salem woman bought it, with the purpose of preserving it as a memorial.

So I went to "Link" Allen for advice. He showed me an old paint shop across the road from his coal office, which I hired for two dollars a week. He also lent me a desk and chair, and sent me a hundred pounds of coal. A second-hand dealer, who was a member of Allen's aldermanic committee, whose "junket" Allen had defended in my paper, came in, and gave me an old stove for a month's advertising. Lee moved into a room over the shop, and I went to live at a boarding-house.

I had grown very fond of the old city, partly because I found its people very friendly, partly from sentimental reasons. My great-great-grandfather, I found, had been quite a

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man there. He had founded an insurance company, the savings bank, and a mechanics' benefit organization; had laid out the common, and had had a street named after him. One of the bells in old St. Peter's tower was a memorial to him. So I went to the church, and asked which had been my great-great-grandfather's pew. I was shown to a large, stall-like pew on the side, which, they said, had been unoccupied for years. I immediately appropriated it, and sat there ever afterward.

It was not long after that that the minister of St. Peter's looked me up at my office, and had a long talk with me about my paper. Up to that time I had been attacking the methods of the political gang in charge of the city government; but I had no particular policy or purpose in it, unless it was to keep myself busy.

Doctor Bedinger assumed that I was doing it all as a public duty and praised my work as

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a public service. My constant hammering of the politicians, he said, could not fail to benefit Salem.

This gave a feeling of satisfaction which I had not before experienced.

But we were certainly about at the end; and we could not seem to gain. We were, in fact, running steadily behind. One day I went up to Boston to see if I couldn't find a new field. I made up my mind that I was through with Salem.

I had an autograph letter of Lincoln's which I had carried in my pocket for years. I took this and sold it to a dealer. Then I took my studs and links and collar-buttons and sold them for old gold. Altogether I raised eight dollars in this way. I wrote a letter to Lee, telling him I had quit the game, and in it I put three dollars of the eight, to give him carfare to his old home in Vermont.

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I stood on Washington Street a minute, with the letter in my hand, before mailing it; and, as I stood there, a very nice-looking elderly man with a white beard came up to me and said:

“Isn’t this Mr. Howard?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Well,” said the man, “I am an old resident of Salem, and I want to tell you that I have read your paper with interest. I think you are doing a great public good, and I hope you keep up your fight. Salem is sick of those old political gangs. What we need at the head of the city government is a man like yourself. I hope the time will come when I shall have the pleasure of casting my vote for you as mayor.”

He shook my hand, patted me on the back, and walked down the street.

It took me just fifteen minutes to walk to

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the railroad station and start back to Salem.
Insane as it might seem, I had conceived the
ambition to be mayor of Salem.

I went direct to my boarding-house and
went to bed.

CHAPTER VII

THE boarding-house keepers in New England are always called "Ma," so my landlady told me after telling me her real name. I told her that I would always speak most respectfully to her, but she stuck to it that in a short time it would be "Ma," and she was right.

Evidently, I was put down as a swell (though by this time my one suit was distinctly shabby), for I was given the best room in the house, and a piece of steak for supper, while the others ate cold meat and glared at me.

"Ma" had a full house and all of them had nicknames. There was a young contractor and his wife, with a child. Mr. Contractor, or

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Clarence, as he was called, was very quiet, and from the outset conceived a great friendship for me. He never smiled, but was at times very witty. For instance, when he had finished his cold meat, he said to the landlady's daughter, "Tell your mother I want my supper," which brought down the house. I may as well say at the outset that "Ma" was busted. And yet she was a rather clever financier. For instance, she arranged her boarder's rent days so that there was something due each day. It was as well. Many a time at 5 P. M. there was an aching void in the larder. Let me change that a little, for we always had a supply of beans. Connecticut boasts that every inch of its ground has rocks or stones. Massachusetts could well boast that every house has beans.

"Ma's" family consisted of "Pa," a son who was in the candy business somewhere, and a

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daughter, aged fourteen. "Ma" was the whole show — she cooked, made beds, swept, shopped, played the piano, gossiped and ran not only her own family but the boarders as well. It was "Pa's" duty to get up and make the fire at 5 A. M. He never failed to do it, and also never failed to take a good long drink out of the milk can. He was daily accused of that crime and daily denied it. "Pa" also was detailed to keep the furnace going. It was an easy job, for we seldom had fuel — that is, we seldom had coal; but sometimes we had a supply of wood, gratuitously contributed by Clarence, the contractor, in sheer self-defence. The heating scheme was certainly original. "Ma" ordered "Pa" down to make a fire in order, she said, to take the chill off the house. After the fire had been going an hour, "Ma" would say to "Pa," "You'd better let the fire go out."

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"Don't worry," "Pa" would reply, "there ain't no more wood and it's going out by itself."

Many a night we all gathered in the parlour and had an open fire, "Ma" banging the piano, "Pa" bringing up wood, and everybody dreading to go to his room because of the cold. But what tales we told each other! Through what gigantic misfortunes had we not passed! Not only were we all formerly very rich, but our fortunes had all been lost innocently, through the manipulation of others.

There was one rich man, though — rich for Salem. Probably he had twenty or thirty thousand dollars. He was an immaculate man, with fixed habits, which never swerved. One of these was his periodical "drunk" — regularly on every last day of the month. He was as immaculate drunk as sober; and it has been a comfort to me in many dark days to

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remember the early mornings when I woke and looked out my chamber door to behold him parading up and down the hall, attired in pajamas, a carefully adjusted necktie, and a silk hat — studiously removing his hat every time he passed the gas jet in the centre, and exclaiming with elaborate courtesy, “Good evening, madam.”

Son John was in the candy business out of town somewhere and he used to write the most glowing letters home to “Ma,” telling her the wonderful success he was going to make, ending by asking for a loan of \$3 or \$5, which, by the way, he always got. It came from another boarder or was taken out of our food. One thing I am certain of, it never came from me, for at the end of the second week I was behind in my board. But my landlady was crazy about the theatre, and all I had to do was to pass her my tickets, now restored

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to me by the manager, and she would let me go without paying. Meantime, the rest of the boarders were finding a great deal of fault, and when they did, "Ma" would always call attention to the fact that she was glad that there was one gentleman in the house, pointing to me as a good example for them to follow. As I was not paying any money, I could not see how I could put up much of a kick.

Every Saturday night we used to have a party, for which each of the boarders chipped in thirty-five cents. It began with playing cards, usually hearts, four being seated at the table. There were no prizes, but after we had played for about half an hour some one would go down to the nearest store and get some cheese, candy and rich cakes, and we would have a chafing dish party and gorge ourselves. The weekly treat was looked forward to by all of us and nobody seemed to

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know what it meant to temper his appetite with judgment. The cards would be forgotten, we would eat until every plate was clean and we were completely stuffed.

I think the mornings were the funniest. I used to get up about eleven o'clock and go down to the dining-room. "Pa" would come in and say:

"Good morning, Mr. Howard. What will you have for breakfast?"

I would order a poached egg. Whereupon, he would go into the kitchen and the walls being very thin, I could hear him yell to "Ma":

"What the hell do you think? he has ordered eggs and coffee! I think that man has got more nerve than any man I ever saw in my life. We never see the colour of his money, yet he orders stuff just as though he owned the house. I will give him a talking to when I take his breakfast in to him."

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Then a long conversation would ensue in low tones and "Ma" would walk down the hall, open the door, and call to "Pa" to come. Then she would usually deliver the following dramatic order, entirely as if it were final and she meant it:

"I want you to depart out of this house forever. Don't dare to come back again."

He would walk out of the door and she would bang it and lock it. Then she would bring in my breakfast, sit down and have a little talk. Whenever he was fired out of the house this way, which occurred about four times a week, he would hang around until one of the boarders came along with the key, and then he would say:

"I have lost my key. Won't you let me in?"

Whereupon we would let him go in, and he would sneak up to his room in the garret, to

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reappear the next morning at five o'clock and generously help himself to the milk or anything that happened to be in the refrigerator.

It was drawing near Christmas. We were dreadfully hard up at the *Dispatch* office. I published the following article in our paper with the idea of bringing in some money.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

A PITEOUS APPEAL FOR CASH

The day after to-morrow is Christmas Day, and we feel that it is a good time to make an appeal, and again there is a yawning abyss that must be filled.

In their enthusiastic appreciation of our efforts, many handsome sons of Adam and lovely daughters of Eve subscribed to our paper, and each and every morning, beside their delicious coffee and appetizing eggs, they have read our bright little comments on life and events, and we have felt that somehow we were making life brighter for them, but we are afraid that we have lifted our readers to realms above the ordinary things of life, because while they continue to digest our observations and appreciate our repartee, they forget the small sums due for subscriptions.

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All day we have flirted with the cash drawer, but, sad to relate, it contains only a few pennies and some stamps. Think, gentle reader, think of the high literary merit of this publication, and then remember that it is all written on this daily bill of fare:

Breakfast — Coffee.

Lunch — Crackers and milk.

Supper — Beans.

Seriously and honestly, we would like (just for a day) to renew our acquaintance with a piece of roast beef, or look, once more, a chicken in the face.

We are not ashamed of our shiny elbows, we do not complain of the bitter cold, or remark on the hardness of our couch; to those things we are accustomed. But it is very hard work to write an editorial wishing every one a Merry Christmas with only nine cents in one's clothes.

So please sit down and write us a check, and on the receipted bill we will tell you how much obliged we are. But even if you fail us, we will love you just the same, and try to eat our beans with a cheerful face and a thankful heart.

The night before Christmas was the worst I ever experienced in my life. Lee and I had

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eighty cents between us. My landlady had told me that I must produce some money or get out, so I threw a few things into my bag and took up lodgings with Lee at the shop. We bought sixty cents' worth of paper to bring out the paper the day after Christmas, and as a result we went to bed that night without anything to eat, keeping the twenty cents for Christmas, when we knew no money would come in. Christmas morning at ten o'clock Lee and I had beans for ten cents. At 5 p. m. we had them again.

From the time I was sixteen years old I had eaten my lunch at Delmonico's in New York. During those twenty-two years I cannot recollect ever having given the waiter less than a quarter every time I was served, with a ten-dollar bill at Christmas to the head waiter who helped me spend my money. What foolish, vain people we are in New York!

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How we recklessly spend, thinking that we "must" eat always at a fashionable restaurant, and how hard it is afterward to sit on a stool in a chilly restaurant, with threadbare clothes, and eat five cents' worth of beans for a Christmas dinner! Poverty may not be a crime, but when one has had every luxury for years and then sinks to almost a beggar, how it does cut to the heart! It isn't the cold, the shiny clothes, or the food. It isn't any special reason. It's the humiliation of it all. One does not think of poverty; the words that ring through the head are, "Fool! Fool! Fool!"

The next day the tide turned a little. I received a letter from my landlady, delivered by "Pa," in which she told me to come back to the house, that I was no trouble, and that she would be glad to have me stay for five years, provided I should be willing to occupy

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the smallest bedroom in the house. I was told to come to dinner, and to come early. I went and got there about ten minutes of twelve. The table was all set with a great quantity of food. I helped myself to some bread and butter and cake and fruit, which I put inside my coat and buttoned it up tight. After I had eaten my own dinner, I went down and gave what I had taken off the table to Lee, who was half starved. That night Link came in and commenced to swear at us in his usual manner for four or five minutes, after which he sat down, and said that his wife had made a cake which had been a complete failure. He wanted to get rid of it, so had brought it down to us. Whereupon, he opened a box filled with cake, fruit, cold chicken, and candy, and two dozen cigars. Lee and I ate for an hour, and smoked cigars until four in the morning. Delmonico's most

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famous chef never produced a meal that was more appreciated.

The next night "Ma" asked me if I would care to buy five boxes of candy made by her son. She said that all the boarders in the house were taking some, and that if I would put an advertisement in the *Dispatch* about it, she would give me five boxes. I put the advertisement in and received the five boxes of candy. The next night we had a Christmas Tree at my boarding-house, and "Ma" said that we should all give one another some little souvenir of the occasion. I wrapped up the candy and put it up on the Christmas Tree for my fellow boarders. When the presents were given out, I found that nearly every one in the house had adopted my idea, and in consequence I got three boxes of the same stuff back from the other boarders. Two or three nights later, when "Ma" was very hard up,

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a man came to the kitchen door selling some pies. "Ma" took two pies of him, telling him to come back for the money. She brought them to the dining-room, put them on the table, where each one was cut in four pieces. Just after they had been served to us, we heard a terrible row going on in the kitchen. It was the pie man demanding his money or the pies back. Most of the boarders caught the gist of what was going on. Clarence then exclaimed:

"This is our last chance if we want to eat the pies."

I suggested that we gobble them as quickly as we could. We had just got them down when "Ma" came into the room and told us that she would have to have them back. I do not know how it ended, because I had an engagement that took me right out of the house. Most of the boarders seemed to have engage-

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ments at the same time, and we all fled down the street, leaving "Ma" and the pie man trying to figure out whether he would get the twenty cents or the pies. A sordid existence? Yes; and the sort of existence the majority of us lead in these United States — the sort of existence when one may be honest, but not always honourable in the strict sense understood by the well-housed people.

CHAPTER VIII

AND now I sat down to think. What was I going to do? What was the policy of my paper? What was my ultimate object? So far, every move had been forced upon me. I had merely done the best I could under the circumstances, had merely tried to live or rather exist; but now I felt that I must have some definite policy.

When one is poor and hard pressed, it develops the powers of observation. Little things that formerly escaped my eye now became the most prominent. So far I had only attacked the *News* and its owner and defended "Link," but already I was a marked man. The McSweeneys, Doyle and Colonel Peterson would glare at me from the moment

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I came in view until I passed out of sight. They had to glare at me. They had to hate me. The *News* could ruin any one of them in two days' time. I had a newspaper to reply with in case I was attacked; the McSweeneys, Doyle and the Colonel had none. At first I rather pitied their lack of courage; but I was learning very fast. Constant observation, constant inquiries, constant hunting through city records, told me a more serious reason; told me how these same men had all the city plums and the *News* had praised them. I uncovered deal after deal; liquor licenses only given out to those that had a pull or paid for them; street-paving contracts given to insiders; men employed in the water department not for their ability but in order to make votes for Doyle. A more complicated state of affairs I had never heard of. It was ring within ring within ring. It would take ten volumes to

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tell it all (a story in its main lines familiar enough to students of our political history).

Sufficient to state that every one "had something" on every one else; therefore reform could never come. Every political camp had its own particular pull. The water and street departments employed eight hundred men and had the spending of \$100,000 a year. Doyle was absolute boss in both departments. Peterson's firm always got the building contracts. It made no difference who put in the lowest bid. Sufficient to say "they got it." The McSweeneys absolutely controlled the liquor situation. Morgan, as a license commissioner, had the power to give out the licenses, providing his brother Parker got the insurance and his brother William got the legal business. There was only one man higher in liquordom than the McSweeneys, and that was "Mike" Sullivan the famous

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lawyer. Sullivan was attorney for the *News*, the railroads, some big brewers in Boston, and all the corporations. He was said to control fourteen out of thirty-seven of the licenses, and the McSweeneys never disputed these privileges of Mike's because, Sullivan represented too much money. So after all, each group was a check on the others. Doyle needed the McSweeneys' influence for votes, the Colonel needed Doyle's and the McSweeneys' votes for contracts, and they all needed Mike Sullivan legally.

George Day, the tailor, was right when he said that the *News* backed them all up. One had only to read back a few years to see how the *News* explained the reasons for the actions of all those men. Such items as these were constantly appearing:

"Although Colonel Peterson's firm did not make the lowest bid, it has been awarded them, as the committee wanted the work to go to a local contractor."

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"License Commissioner McSweeney is having much credit given him for his fairness and good judgment in allotting the licenses."

"Alderman Doyle insists that citizens of Salem only shall be employed in the street and water departments: This act is warmly commended."

The *News* failed to state that Doyle employed citizens because he wanted votes, and it also failed to say that the Colonel used Italians, Poles, or any nationality, merely trying to get the cheapest labour. It was a magnificent system that this Ring ran. The absence of another newspaper made it possible.

What impressed me most was these occasional remarks heard on any street corner:

"The licenses are a good thing for the McSweeneys."

"The building contracts have been a good thing for the Colonel."

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"The Water Board has been a good thing for Doyle."

No man was ever mentioned as having been "a good thing for the city." I thought I saw my opportunity.

CHAPTER IX

TO an unprejudiced observer the chance of realizing my ambition to become the mayor of Salem would certainly not have seemed great when I returned from Boston cherishing it in January, 1909. The main question was whether I could continue to make a living there.

I had begun to see what kind of a newspaper I must publish. It must treat the big local issues, which my competitor, the *News*, avoided. I heard many expressions of approval as I adopted this policy. For instance, I had occasion to go into one of the big shoe factories one day, and, as I walked through the room where the men were working, I saw a copy of the *Dispatch* lying on one of the benches,

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almost worn to shreds. One of the workmen told me that they passed it around at lunch-time, and over forty men saw it each day.

At the same time my circulation stood still around one hundred, and I got practically no advertising. So we had to hustle even to get paper to print upon.

One Thursday night, I remember, we were entirely out of paper. Our money was gone. I tried to buy from the local printers. I went into executive session with myself, and finally produced an idea. So I started out for the nearest grocery store, and asked the proprietor if he would give me a few sheets of wrapping-paper. He told me to help myself, and I took two or three sheets. I repeated this operation at some twenty grocery stores, and finally succeeded in getting enough to print about a hundred copies for our next morning's edition. The sheets were different shades of brown,

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and different thicknesses; so, after this edition was printed, we went over the thinner sheets and filled out with pen and ink the places where the type had failed to print.

As to ink, we were more fortunate. It was supplied to us through our chief stock in trade, the ill-will toward our competitor. An ink salesman came into our office early, and let us have a barrel of ink on our own terms, on account of an old grievance against his treatment by Damon, the publisher of the *News*.

"I don't care if you never pay for it," he said.

There was no expense for labour. Lee did the typesetting, and we turned out the papers on a foot-press by the two-man power of the firm. Lee slept in the printing plant. But it required great mental effort to provide our daily food.

For some weeks I stayed at the boarding-

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house. But matters were going almost as badly with "Ma" and "Pa" as with us. Finally "Ma" announced that hereafter she would serve no more meals on Sundays. This was a sudden and disastrous blow for me. I was getting credit at the boarding-house; but where could I provide actual cash to feed myself over Sunday?

The first two Sundays I got through all right, but I woke up on the third without a cent. All I could do was to hunt diligently for some one who would take me out to dinner. I wandered around in vain until one o'clock, when I ran across Harry Curtis, one of my acquaintances in Day's tailor shop. I asked him if he had dined, and he said he was just through dinner and was on his way to the club. So I went down to the club with him, and we sat together in the window, watching the people passing. I was desperately hungry.

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We had been there a little while, when we began to talk about Augustus Thomas' play. "The Witching Hour." Harry said he believed in the theory of the play — that it was possible to concentrate your thoughts on some one and make him do as you wished. I immediately started trying it out.

For over an hour I talked about nothing but food. I described in detail different banquets I had attended, and their menus. Finally Harry moved uneasily, got up, and said: "Gee, I'm hungry; let's go and have something to eat."

"I've only got enough money to buy supper," said I, "and I don't care to pay for an extra meal."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harry. "It's my treat."

So I was fed again.

But it was hard work, especially as I had to

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do all the planning. After a while I had to give up taking my meals at the boarding-house and only roomed there. And Lee and I stayed in the shop, and warmed what food we could get over the little stove in the office. We lived on as little as one dollar a week apiece.

Even then we almost came to a stop. Every night I would come in with the receipts of the day, and we would sit together by the stove and rest.

"We've got to do something," I'd say.

"That's right," old Lee would answer, wagging his head up and down.

"Right off, too," I'd say.

"Yep, that's right," he'd agree, and wag his head again feebly — and sit staring at the floor.

The night after we printed our wrapping-paper edition, we found ourselves on the dead centre again, with just a few cents between us.

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So I turned and suggested to Lee that he let me interview him on his impressions of Salem. He did. He gave me one of the strongest interviews I ever heard concerning Salem in about one hundred words. I wrote it out and headed it "An interview with a Prominent Citizen." We had just three sheets of paper left.

We printed these. Lee had a few coppers; so, when we were done, I turned to him and offered to sell him the whole edition for three cents. Lee didn't fully understand the transaction, but, as usual, he trusted to my judgment and handed over the three cents, took the three newspapers, and put them into his box, as I suggested.

Our paper was like nothing on earth in those days; and especially peculiar editions still command high prices locally, after the fashion of rare postage stamps.

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That morning at nine o'clock we were sitting mournfully in the office, still wondering how we would get breakfast, when the door opened and a fresh politician, who bought our paper every day, came in.

"Is your little paper out this morning?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

He took a penny out of his pocket and tossed it to me, saying:

"Well, give us a copy of it."

"The entire edition is sold out," I said.

"That's funny," said he. "Anything special in it this morning?"

"There was an interview that was sent us last night," I replied. "The man regretted it afterward, and bought up the entire edition."

Our fresh friend stood around for a few minutes. Finally he put his hand in his pocket

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and pulled out a lot of silver, saying: "I tell you what I'll do with you: I'll give you half a dollar for a copy."

"Sorry," I said, "but we are all sold out."

"Haven't you got a single copy?" he asked.

"Not one," I said.

"How on earth can I get one?"

"I can't help you out," I said to him, "but if you want to be sure in future, the way to do is to become a yearly subscriber; then we are forced to deliver the paper no matter what's in it."

At that he drew out some bills and laid down three dollars, saying: "Put me down for a year."

Before that night we had four or five new yearly subscribers at three dollars apiece from other men, whom our friend had spoken to during the day. So the *Dispatch* went on again.

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But there is a turning-point to everything, and by and by ours came. More than anything else, it was due to my friends — Bill Sanborn, who gave me my first cordial greeting to Salem, and “Ed” Allen, whom he spoke to me about that first day of my newspaper. The crowd which gathered about Day’s shop were growing enthusiastic about the *Dispatch*, as it waded into local affairs. “Link” Allen, the alderman, whose letter had brought the paper into politics, was a good-hearted fellow. He made a specialty of supplying me with cigars, the one indulgence I retained. Both Sanborn and “Ed” Allen were always doing me some kindness in an unobtrusive way.

One day, while we were all in Day’s office, Sanborn suggested a method of getting myself and my newspaper before the public. He proposed to get me an invitation to speak at

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the annual meeting of the Now and Then Association, an organization of eight hundred of the young business men of the city, and finally he manœuvred until he secured the opportunity for me.

It was something of an anxiety to me — the question of getting to that banquet. Both of my dress-suits were in a pawnshop in Boston and I hadn't a cent to get them out with. Finally I went to the pawnbroker in Boston, and talked him into letting me have a suit for that night. It took an hour's talking, but I came out of the store with the suit on, leaving behind the suit I had been wearing, and a written agreement to bring the dress-clothes back the next day. I spent a good while dressing, especially in repairing my only pair of shoes, which were badly cracked across the top. But I finally blacked them up so I could wear them.

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The toastmaster was a man from the *News* office. The first speaker was the mayor of Salem, John F. Hurley; after him a politician from Boston spoke on state affairs, a clergyman talked on "Good Behaviour," and an ex-president of the association followed him. A more melancholy collection of human speech was never put together. It was after ten o'clock, and the man from the *News* office, who was toastmaster, arose and said with crushing emphasis:

"We have only a few minutes left; and I now introduce Arthur Howard, the editor of the *Dispatch*.

Whereupon he took his watch from his pocket and laid it down in front of me. So I arose before my first audience in Salem. It was a chilly one. I had been warned by Bill not to be too serious.

"Isn't it rather dangerous, Mr. Toast-

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master," I said, "to place your watch in front of me, knowing my financial condition?"

They sat up and laughed a little at that.

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," I said, "you will notice that I do not call you friends, and I will tell you the reason why.

"A number of years ago a Salem boy came to New York and enlisted in a local regiment. The first week that he was in it, the regiment went into camp, and the Salem boy was put on guard outside the Colonel's tent. Late that night the Colonel came home. The sentry had never seen him before.

"As the Colonel approached his tent, the Salem boy stepped forward and said, 'Who goes there?'

"'A friend,' said the Colonel.

"'You're a liar,' said the Salem boy. 'I never saw you before in my life.' And so, gentlemen," I continued, "if I said friends, I

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am fearful you would all jump up and say: 'You're a liar, Howard. We never saw you before in our lives.'"

My audience laughed at this, and I quickly followed it with a few humorous anecdotes about members of the club, and closed with a reference to my independent position as a newspaper man. My speech took just ten minutes to deliver, and I ended it as follows:

"You probably wonder what I am doing in Salem, and I think I ought to explain to you that I publish a newspaper here called the *Dispatch*, the circulation of which reaches 2,999. Some of you gentlemen look doubtful, so let me explain here where the copies go.

"We have an annual subscriber, the Essex Institute, which is compelled to subscribe by its charter; I give one copy to my landlady in part payment for my food; seven copies are actually sold on the streets for cash;

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and 2,990 copies are given away to educate the public. That makes a total of 2,999."

The diners laughed a good deal over my speech. A "jolly" was evidently the kind of thing they wanted, and when I went out of the hall, Bill met me outside in the corridor and shook my hand, saying: "Your speech was all right, Howard; you certainly made good with the fellows."

All at once he looked down and saw my shoes.

"Say," he said in his usual blunt way, "you didn't change your shoes to-night; you've got your working shoes on."

I was caught unawares.

"Why, Bill," I said, "those are the only shoes I own."

He looked at me a minute. Then he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a lot of bills.

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"Here," he said, "I want to subscribe to your paper for a year. Make it two years!" he added impulsively, handing me a five- and a one-dollar bill.

"I want to see you to-morrow evening in Allen's office," he said finally.

The next day at ten o'clock I was in Ed Allen's office.

"Tell him what we were talking about, Ed," said Sanborn, after a pause.

Then they told me that they wanted to help me as much as they could afford to — that there were a lot of people in Salem who admired the newspaper for its work. Sanborn suggested that I form a company, and perhaps I could sell a little stock in it. They would pay for the incorporation, and each of them would buy twenty-five dollars' worth of stock themselves. Then they each laid down twenty-five dollars. I

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went up to Boston and got my legal friend, Mr. Peabody, to incorporate the Salem *Dispatch* Company. Soon after that we began bringing out a larger paper. We still published only four pages, but we increased the sheet's size until it was a little less like a hand-bill.

What made the paper possible was its independent comments on local affairs. The *News*, which had had a monopoly of the daily fields in the past, had been very free with its comments in early days, when it was struggling for existence. Its editor had even left for Europe following a libel suit, in those days of its beginning. But now it was so situated that free comment on the various gangs in control of the city were not in its programs. Some of the leading politicians were its own stockholders. This situation gave me my opportunity, and I opened

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up political affairs with enthusiastic freedom.

I was constantly calling on the merchants, trying to interest them to advertise. They told me if the newspaper had come to stay and if I would remain in Salem they would advertise, but as both points were doubtful in their minds, they must refuse to do so at present. There was one man, however, who brought in an advertisement of half a page for a month, paying me thirty dollars cash in advance. The third day after his advertisement appeared he called to tell me that Colonel Peterson had a mortgage on his building and had threatened to foreclose unless the advertisement was taken out of the *Dispatch*. The merchant was very fair about it and said he would take twenty-seven dollars' worth of stock in the *Dispatch* Company, but his advertisement must be

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removed. I can't say that this transaction left me feeling especially agreeable toward the Colonel, and I was not long in giving him a couple of jolts in the paper. When I went into the post-office, two days later, Colonel Peterson was coming out. "Link" Allen was with me. He stopped the Colonel and said:

"Colonel, shake hands with our new editor, Mr. Howard."

"I never shake hands with a stinker," said the Colonel, striding by and going out into the street.

The next morning my editorial said: "Yesterday, Colonel Peterson refused to shake hands with Mr. Howard, saying 'he never shook hands with a strinker.' This puts Colonel Peterson in a peculiar position, because if he never shakes hands with a stinker, it would be impossible for him to shake hands with himself."

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Some one sent in an article about a former liquor dealer in Salem. It was an illustration of the methods in vogue of securing licenses, evidently written by some one very sore with the liquor dealer. I began to publish it in three instalments. The first day that it came out it created quite a great deal of excitement, and inside of two hours I received a letter warning me that if the second instalment appeared the next day, and I should appear on Town House Square, at eleven o'clock, I would be in the hospital that night.

I failed to see anything that was detrimental to the man's character in the articles. They merely dealt with the methods of the various license commissioners, so I published them.

Ten minutes before eleven I came into Town House Square and stood there until

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twelve o'clock. My man came shortly after eleven and glared at me and then continued down the street.

Joe Tassinari, who then had charge of our circulation, heard that they were going to wait until night to assault me; and so convinced was he that some harm was going to come to me that he walked home with me the night we printed the second instalment. On the day we brought out the third instalment the circulation jumped eight hundred.

I did not hear from "my man" all day long. Not only did Joe walk home with me that night, but Bill and Ed also. When I got to my boarding-house I waved good-night to them, letting myself in with a latchkey. After I closed the door I saw that the parlour was lit up. I stepped in, and as I did so some one brushed past me and closed the door. Standing towering above me was a very large

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man, his face flushed with anger and his fist doubled up. I knew I was trapped and must act quickly. The only thing I could do was to put on my best smile and remark pleasantly, "Good evening."

He brought his fist down with a whack, knocking my hand away, and his ring cut a gash in my hand, drawing the blood. I held up my hand and said quietly, "First blood for you."

That nonplussed him for a moment and his hands dropped by his side.

"I am glad you came in," I said, "as I wanted to ask you who it was that sent this story to me."

He hesitated, then awkwardly sat down in the easy chair.

I talked cheerfully about my troubles and various other things for an hour. As he listened he got in good humour. Shortly after

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that I had him laughing; and when he left, after talking with me two hours, I saw him out to the door. As his burly figure disappeared in the darkness I called after him:

“If you’re afraid to go home alone, say the word and I’ll go with you to protect you.”

He laughed and roared back, “You’re all right, Howard. I thought you were a fool, but you’re not.”

CHAPTER X

THE political situation in Salem at that time was a wonderful and ugly thing.

There were no party lines in local elections; the votes were largely divided into the personal following of different individuals.

The best known figure was the bluff old swearing "Colonel" Joe Peterson — the ex-mayor, the man who handled the money of the State Republican machine in Essex County, and the contractor to whom the political jobs in the county were thrown.

Then there were the McSweeney brothers, who built their fortunes on the liquor question. Their law firm represented the liquor dealers, while they personally were prominent in the total abstinence societies. One brother was a

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license commissioner, one an alderman, and the third a man-of-all-work for the other two, being the only one of the three not a lawyer.

A third leader was John F. Hurley, a political insurgent and the greatest "glad hand" politician in the world, who had graduated into the mayoralty from a long and profitable career in his chosen profession.

And last, but most active of all, was Doyle, the theatre ticket agent, the director of the Board of Aldermen. From this position he gained the voting strength which comes to the man who controls the employment of city labourers.

As he was most active in directing the affairs of the city at the time, it was he whom I hit first.

The most ridiculous and extravagant perversion of the city government's work in recent years had been in the building of a new

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high school. Instead of being located somewhere near the centre of the city, it was placed in an open pasture at the extreme southwest end of the town, a mile and two miles from the houses of a large number of the pupils. In a city of no greater area than Salem the location was preposterous. The property was sold to the city by a real estate company whose treasurer and active spirit was the chief banker of Salem and the head of the Electric Light Company, whose rates for light were far from favourable to the city.

My comments on local affairs began with the treatment of this school situation, followed by a criticism of the Electric Light Company and the part of Doyle as leader of the aldermen in these matters.

I had started direct attacks against the politicians early in January. In the last of that month I treated the schoolhouse location

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and the electric light rates in an editorial,
"The Magsman." which I began like this.

We are going to tell you what a magsman is.
A magsman is a swindler of country folk.
Would you call this city the country?

Would you call a man a magsman that held public
office, if he voted (as your representative) to build a
public building that could be harmful to your children?
Think it over.

Wonderful thing, electricity!
Do you use it?
Can you afford it?
We think it is very expensive in Salem, don't you?
It is for the people to say, and you are the people.
Can not we get together on this? Suppose a mass-
meeting was held.
When shall it be?
Don't forget the word magsman.

Who represents you in the city government?
Does he vote for the public good?
Do you know whether he ever benefited personally?
Did you want the high school where it is?
Did you know five people that did?

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I used various devices like this to catch the attention of the public, but there was general interest in disclosures concerning the management of city affairs. Another matter I took up after the schoolhouse and electric light rates was the waste of money in buying a melancholy plot of land by the city for a breathing space which we call "Bunco Park."

It was my purpose, so far as possible, to attack the political system, and not individuals; but more and more events drew me into comments on individuals. The most effective treatment of my theme I found to be a rather flippant burlesque.

This proved very successful, more especially when directed against my brusque competitor and the solemn congregation of sidewalk politicians who ran the city from Town House Square.

The day after "The Magsman" editorial

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appeared I had occasion to go to Boston. A banker, whom I had accused of being mixed up with the high school and electric light deal came breathlessly through the train and sat down beside me.

"This is Mr. Howard, I believe," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

"I have been much interested in your little paper," he observed.

"It is pretty small," I answered.

"While I have no idea of getting into a controversy with a newspaper, knowing that they always have the last word," he said, "at the same time I want to tell you that you are entirely mistaken in regard to the electric lighting contract — I had nothing to do with it at all. It was planned by the city, and we merely came to their terms."

"There is no occasion," I said, "for you to apologize to me. The people to whom you

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should apologize are the citizens of Salem or those in control."

"I am not apologizing," he interrupted. "I am merely stating facts to you in order that you may make a correction, but I think that you have been misled by some one who is annoyed with me."

"You are probably referring to some article that appeared in my newspaper," I said. "While I am responsible, as editor, for every word that appears there, still the boys do get a little gay once in a while and have their fun, and it is too bad if they have had it at your expense."

The banker smiled grimly.

"I guess you are the editor, the boys, the printer, and the pressman," he said.

"You are better informed about my business than I am about yours," I answered.

"What I want to correct are those two

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statements in your paper in which you say that the high-school property was landed on to the city of Salem for twice its value, and again where you say that the contract with the city of Salem for lighting the streets was made at double the proper cost."

"I should be very pleased," I replied, "to give you the first page of my paper to-morrow morning and you can write such denial and sign your name to it."

"I don't care to get into a controversy with the newspaper," he interrupted; "I only wanted to explain it."

"Well, why don't you explain it to those in authority? I am not in control now," I said, "though I may be next year."

He looked up with a start. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Why, I am going to run for mayor," I replied.

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"Now, I know you're crazy," said the banker, taking up his paper and commencing to read.

But after we got to Lynn he started in to tell me all over again about the electric lighting contract, and before I got to Boston, I must confess, I believed that I had made a mistake in my articles. We parted pleasantly. When I got back to Salem the man at the news stand in the depot called me. "Do you want to hear a funny story?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he said, "one of our most prominent bankers ran this morning for the first time in his life trying to catch you."

"What do you mean?" I asked

"Why," he replied, "when you got on the train he came rushing into the depot and said 'wasn't that Howard that just stepped on that train?' I said 'yes,' and he ran and jumped

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on after you. Perhaps," said the newsboy, "he is going to loan you a lot of money. Anyway, it is the first time that I ever saw him run."

"Hmm!" I thought, as I walked up from the depot to my office. "No wonder he bluffs the people — he almost bluffed me."

Just to feel my way toward the mayoralty, I came out the next day with the following editorial:

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH SALEM

We have heard the question asked and debated as to "what is the matter with Salem?" All answers seem to be that the people are filled with lethargy or "asleep at the switch." Those who say this are the so-called leaders here or principal officeholders in the city. We have been watching things closely the last four weeks and we disagree with any one that says the people are asleep. There are no more enterprising or wide-awake people in the country than our people; they have proved this by the way they have purchased the *Dispatch* the last ten days. As soon as we gave them

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a decent looking sheet, the poor as well as the rich have bought all the copies we could print.

The only detriment to this city is the city officials and corporations. The Board of Aldermen has only two members who are high-spirited citizens. The majority of the Council are so busy wondering what the other half is going to do that they let the real business slide. Jealousy and bickering are their principal thoughts and actions. They will talk one hour about supervision of rules, and another knocking the Fire Department; but will only half listen to a request to help a business enterprise. They should not stop business enterprises, but help them along.

Any member of the Board of Aldermen who holds electric light stock should resign; if not from the Board at least from the committee where he has a vote.

The Electric Light Company is a serious detriment to the city; they let personal matters interfere with the progress of affairs. The *Dispatch* is only too well convinced of this. For three days we tried to find out whether we would have electric power or no. If the City Electrician had spent half the time in telling us what was the trouble, instead of telephoning and running to "KISS THE ELECTRIC COMPANY GOOD MORNING," another enterprise would be running smoothly now. The Electric Light Company are

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entitled only to fair play; there is absolutely no reason why they should ask favours of any one; they should get their rights without manipulation; and they will. All this rot of having an alderman to represent a corporation looks badly. We must clean all these tool heads out. Let the people be répresented by REAL MEN who get up and say what they know, and how they know it. Of the Mayor and City Marshal we cannot really express our opinion; but we do not think they represent the people. Next year our Mayor is going to be a "DISTURBER." He is going to be a "NIGHT HAWK," and he sits here just crazy to get to work. He lives in Salem, but he will come from "Missouri."

No alderman can whisper in his ear; they have got to speak out before every one "LOUD and CLEAR."

There are not going to be any "STEAM DRILLS," "STEAM ROLLERS," "PAVING DEALS," "LAND DEALS"; there will be no HIGH SCHOOLS built in God-forsaken spots, or land landed on this city. From Ward 1 to 6 there is going to be a housecleaning. The man that sells liquor one minute after hours, or without a license, is going to stop if the Mayor has to prefer charges against the Chief of Police and every man on the force seven days a week and 365 times in a year.

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It is a public disgrace that Salem people are not represented as they should be. There are at present only five real men in city affairs; the rest are either the deadeast kind of woodenheads or so tangled up with grafters that even their trousers are mortgaged to political bosses.

There is absolutely nothing the matter with Salem or its people, but the principal corporations and officeholders are the LIMIT — they are selfish, contemptible and lacking in brains. Reform with a big “R” will sweep this town from end to end.

There will be a mayor who will not hold up every bill that smells of graft, but will watch those \$44,000 street lights like a cat to see that they do their duty, and he will make every individual (be he a lawyer with a pull, or a city official) keep the sidewalks clean.

The liquor people will be kept straight, but given fair play. The police will have to do their duty; and every word spoken in the City Hall meetings will be published in the *Dispatch*.

The people MUST and WILL rule in Salem. “PULL” must end. “GRAFT” must cease.

And we predict that after Feb. 1, 1910, the question will never be asked again:

“What is the matter with Salem?”

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I didn't know exactly how the readers of my paper would take my flirtation with the mayoralty, but I had what they call a "hunch" that the people of Salem would like to run their own affairs. Later events seemed to show I was right.

CHAPTER XI

AS SOON as it became known around that I was going to run for mayor, Bill and Ed and George Day decided that it would be a good idea if we went over Sunday to Bill's camp in the country and had some of the young men around town down there to discuss the situation. We left Salem late Saturday afternoon and Lee went with us. When we got up to the camp I was introduced to about a dozen young business men, and we sat down and commenced to discuss the methods that would be used. I cannot remember at this time exactly what they said, but I recall the conducting of the campaign was left entirely to me, and I merely agreed to inform them as to what plan I intended to

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carry out. In discussing city affairs in general, I explained to them that an examination showed that it was a very difficult proposition. In Ward 1 we had almost entirely Polish and the working class of people who knew no reason why they should be deprived of their beer if they wished it. In Ward 2 we had the residential, quiet class to be appealed to, people who closely observed the liquor laws. In Ward 3 the aristocrats resided, whereas Ward 4 was almost entirely the Irish district, and Hurley and Alderman Doyle and the McSweeneys were Irish, and it would be natural to surmise that this district was to be divided up among the three of them, and yet in my visits up there I had made some very good friends and had some firm supporters among them. Ward 5 was a very difficult ward to penetrate because it included twelve thousand French people. Ward 6 were all very closely

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affiliated together, and were almost sure to support only people from their own ward. My idea of conducting the campaign was to do it mostly through my newspaper for the next four or five months, sailing into any candidate that came up for office, and stating what I would do if elected. My idea about the French people was to leave them entirely alone until the last couple of days before election, and then to make a whirlwind tour through the French clubs and try to catch them by spectacular methods. Meantime, I was to make perhaps one or two speeches a week anywhere I was invited, throwing every day bombshells into the political crowds.

Early in April I wrote an ironical editorial on "How to Make Money in Salem," holding that the best way was to start a newspaper. A day or two afterward I made this amendment to it:

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We wrote the other day saying that the way to get rich was to run a newspaper in Salem. While we were right, a better and surer way is to take tickets at the door of a theatre. You can buy real estate, and accumulate five thousand dollars in electric light stock, and all on eighteen dollars a week.

As soon as Alderman Doyle read it, he said:

“Howard ought to be shot.”

When I heard this verdict I went down to the office and got out a paper with a huge headline on the front page so that it was the very first thing to strike the eye.

CAN A CROOKED ALDERMAN SHOOT STRAIGHT?

A member of the Board of Aldermen said yesterday that the editor of the *Dispatch* should be shot.

As our editor weighs only one hundred thirteen pounds, it will take a pretty good marksman to hit

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him; and even then a man as thin as that might cut the bullet in two.

Personally, we agree with the alderman; but the idea is not new. We thought years ago that we ought to be shot.

But who shall do it? Surely a crooked alderman can not shoot straight. And we insist on a good job. After all, it would eliminate the question of earning money to live, and we dislike work.

We will be generous. If the alderman proves to us he never took graft, we will give him this paper and shoot ourselves.

One after another, as issues came up, I devoted my editorial to him. The idea took and my circulation increased in a month to three or four hundred copies. And, in the meanwhile, I disclosed my ambition of running for mayor to all of the friends of Sanborn and Ed Allen. Surprising as it may seem, they took it. Considering the class of men who had recently held the office, it was not so preposterous, after all. I had had experience,

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the education of large affairs and of wide travel in Europe and America. And I had a newspaper through which I could appeal directly to the people. Both Sanborn and Allen started with characteristic energy to back my campaign.

It was spring, and the election was not until the following December; but, contrary to all precedent, I began to feel out public sentiment. On April 10th I came out with an editorial in which I said that the citizens of Salem wanted a change.

OUR NEXT MAYOR — A PREDICTION

The next mayor must be a fearless man who can take the helm without fear or favour and without giving a promise to any one; and in order to be elected he must have a newspaper behind him. There are only three men who can do that here:

Mr. Robin Damon, of the *News*.

Hon. J. D. A. Gauss, of the *Observer* [a weekly paper].

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And one other.

Mr. Damon has not proved his fitness for the position. He is not a man who can go out and campaign for mayor until election, speaking night and day, for he is neither an orator nor a good writer. His popularity is in doubt. He had the opportunity to expose the graft in Salem, but he let it slide.

It looks as if a candidate were available, and we believe that one we have in mind will be elected (just to see what he would do); and we hope his manhood will assert itself to such an extent that people will ever after say: "The year that newspaper fellow was in no one dared graft; our streets were clean, and the liquor laws obeyed."

The next day I announced myself a candidate for mayor. My paper's circulation was now fifteen hundred.

The politicians took this at first rather as a huge joke — very naturally. I could not even register as a citizen of Massachusetts for three months to come. But I kept hammering them day after day, in one matter or

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another, until they lost their amusement in a confused anger.

Day after day I had been working, not to trap individuals, but to unearth the methods of the system as a whole. There was one big job in particular which I wanted to learn about, but always it eluded me. There was a go-between in it, but I could never put my hand on him. Finally I was told that the man I wanted was a fellow named Ned Bates.*

Almost immediately upon my announcement that I was a candidate for mayor, the candidacy was announced of Robert Pollock, an ex-license commissioner, who was supposed to have the French votes in his pocket. He ran a barber shop, and was very popular, but was unable to make a speech. He was strongly affiliated with the Republican party and was one of the members of the Legis-

*This name is fictitious.

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lature from Salem. The following week one of the McSweeney brothers — William — came out and announced that he was a candidate for mayor, appealing to the young Irish voters for support.

Next came John F. Hurley, the present mayor, announcing that he would be a candidate, claiming that he was a “good fellow” and would take care of all parties. The *News* leaned toward the McSweeneys. Meantime, a Good Government Association was formed. This association was made up of aristocrats and business men with an idea of purifying Salem politically, and one of their candidates for office was Alderman Adams, who had displayed some independence in the Board, but somehow or other they did not seem to think that he wanted to be a candidate for mayor, so they put him up again for membership in the Board of Alder-

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men, selecting a Mr. Goodhue as candidate for mayor.

One night I went into a restaurant, and over in one corner I saw Bates. I went over to his table and sat down opposite him. He was drunk and very talkative. After he had finished his meal, he walked over to my office with me and sat down. Suddenly he began to tell me about the deal, and as he told me I wrote down what he said. When he got through I read him what I had written.

"That's the story," he said, "complete; and I hope you send them both to jail."

"Would you sign it?"

"Sure I would," he said, and picked up a pen and wrote his name at the bottom.

When he left I wrote an editorial which I called the "Crookedest Crook in Crook-haven."

My campaign was warming up political

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circles in Salem. The sad congregation of politicians on Town House Square was stirred every day to its core; and I could hear the terrible Colonel begin to rumble two blocks away whenever I went down the main street. Anonymous letters appeared in which my early destruction was freely predicted; and my partner, Lee, moved uneasily and gave out unexpected warnings as we sat about the office stove.

Somewhere about the first of May I went home to my boarding-house one early morning after the paper had gone to press. I sat at my window, with the curtain up, and began to write my first public speech in my campaign for mayor. It was about two o'clock in the morning. Suddenly there was a crash beside me, and I felt the house shake. Looking out in the moonlight, I saw on the ground a stone about twice the size of my hand, and reaching

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out of the window I located the dent where it had struck the side of the house.

It had missed the glass by about three inches. There was nobody to be seen, and I went back and lay down on the bed, wondering what I ought to do.

About twenty minutes later some one whistled outside my window. I raised it again, and there stood Lee.

"Is that you, Howard?" he said. "Say, can I see you a minute?"

I went down and let him in, and he told me that two or three men had been down at the *Dispatch* office pounding on the door and threatening to "lick" the editor. Then they had thrown stones at the building, one of which had broken a window.

Finally he asked me if I had fifty cents, and after I had given it to him he hung around for half an hour, saying nothing in particular.

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Just before he left he got up and shook hands with me, wishing me all kinds of luck.

I didn't understand it at the time; but the next morning, when I stopped at the post-office, I got the following letter:

Dear Howard:

Perhaps you can stand it, but I can't. Good luck to you.

LEE

That was the end of my first partner.

Three weeks later I received a brief letter from him saying that he had enlisted in the United States Army. I couldn't blame Lee for his conduct, but I received his second letter with regret. It has profoundly shaken my confidence in the standing army of the United States.

My printer had gone, and I regretted him. We had been through hard times together. But I had in the meantime found another close

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business associate. I had made connections with Johnny, the official *Dispatch* newsboy.

Early in the year, while I was still acting as my own newsboy, we were visited one day by a very small boy enveloped in a very long, dingy overcoat. His name, he said, was Johnny Alwyn.

He said that he had seen the *Dispatch* and would like to take a chance selling it. I told him we sold it to newsboys two for a cent; whereupon he laid down a penny and invested in two on the spot.

He had been gone about ten minutes, when he returned and laid down one of the two copies.

"I don't think I care to sell them any more," he remarked.

"Very well," I said; "we will give you your penny back, and we are very glad to have met you."

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"I'm satisfied," he said, "but I'm through with your paper. It isn't any good and I don't think I can sell it."

He had an intelligent face and an odd gift of language. I took a fancy to him; so the next day, when I ran across him on the street, I asked him to come down to the office.

"What for?" he asked.

"I want to put through a business deal with you," I said.

"I guess I'll put through a business deal, maybe," said Johnny, somewhat suspiciously, "but I don't want to handle your paper; it's no good."

However, I finally induced Johnny to allow me to make daily consignments of papers to him, so that he could handle them without financial risk, and in a short time he was the most ardent associate in our enterprise. He was about the size of a grasshopper, and the

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way he would march up to the Town House Square politicians and try and sell the papers attacking them was a thing grotesque to see.

"Here you are, Colonel," he would say, shaking the *Dispatch* in front of the warlike leader of the street-pavers. "Here you are — *Dispatch*. All about you ——!"

The Colonel would let out a roar that almost lifted him off his feet:

"Go home, you brat! You ought to be licked within an inch of your life."

In a short time Johnny had reached the opinion that the *Dispatch* was the greatest of human institutions, and recognized that he was an essential part of it. He insisted upon seeing and talking with the editor personally. It became his opinion that if I would publish something besides politics he could sell a great number of copies, and when I asked him to name a topic of general interest, he suggested

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that I write about the newsboys. That night there was a circus in town, and Johnny attended it as my guest. The next issue I devoted to a description of our business alliance with Johnny, and our experience at the circus, under the caption:

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

The show was just what would please an editor and a newsboy. There were bareback riders, and a contortionist, clowns, wire-walkers, trapeze actors, ponies, and everything that makes the eyes dilate and the pulse beat. The contortionist was great, and two of the clowns were very funny. One tried to carry the other out of the ring, and his efforts made Johnny laugh until he swallowed a peanut whole. Johnny found two friends after the show, and we all had "hot dogs" together. We like Johnny, and his observations and appreciation of the circus are worth recording. Johnny is not only a good business man, but an agreeable companion; and, judging by the way he digested the peanuts, candy, and "hot dogs," we should say his stomach was made of iron.

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As soon as Johnny read this tribute, he insisted on taking all the papers, and set off at once for his station in Town House Square, yelling in his shrill voice: "Salem *Dispatch*. All about me!" He sold the entire edition, and not only established his reputation, but ours at the same time.

Our circulation was increasing daily through those spring months of 1909. But we were still having our troubles. Some time after we formed The Salem Dispatch Company we enlarged the size of our page, and gave the work of printing to a local job printer. We hoped to get advertising in this way, but we didn't get any to speak of. We were making no money; in fact, we were running behind. And finally the Salem printer told me he could not go on any longer, and I had to make arrangements with a man in Lynn, six miles away, to print the *Dispatch*. He took over

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my type and started printing. He had been at this only a short time when I got a telegram stating that his plant had been destroyed by fire. All the type I owned went with it, and neither one of us had a dollar's worth of insurance. Again it looked as if the *Dispatch* had reached its end. When I came back from Lynn that night I didn't see how I could possibly go on.

As I sat in my office, wondering what I would do, I saw a letter on my desk from a local dealer to whom I owed twenty-five dollars. I had no desire to open it at that time, but finally I tore it open and found the following enclosed:

Dear Mr. Howard:

I have just heard that you have been burned out, and appreciate fully the difficult position you must be in. You owe me twenty-five dollars, and I enclose a check for twenty-five dollars more. Please send me fifty dollars' worth of stock in your company.

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The twenty-five dollars that he gave me went into type the next morning, and I started to set up the paper myself. My typesetting was a strange and wonderful piece of work; but I finally got it done, and arranged with a Salem job printer to run it off for me. When he had run off about a hundred copies he was called to the telephone. As if by intuition I went over to the nearest font of type and changed the date of the paper one day forward. I felt that somebody was going to tell him not to print for us. When he came back he said: "Something has happened to my press; I can't print any more papers for you."

"Well, run fifty more for me," I answered, "and I will be satisfied."

So he ran off fifty more, and I got out my paper for two days more. I learned afterward that Damon of the *News* was on the other end of the wire.

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I was constantly in receipt of encouraging and friendly letters, most of them from workingmen who were coming to recognize me as on their side of the fence. One of the letters made such an impression on me that I give it below:

AN APPRECIATION

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The undersigned can no longer refrain from writing to tell you how welcome to his ears is the now prevalent newsboy's cry of the *Morning Dispatch*, for it heralds the arrival of relief of a long stricken city.

Could a greater malediction befall a city than a monopoly of its press — the only instrument for the rapid and concrete dissemination among the people of the doings of its public servants and the intelligence of the day?

We are hearing a great deal nowadays about monopolies at one time or another, but can you conceive a more despicable monopoly than that of the press in a given community? Pause, if only for a moment, and contemplate just what such a monopoly means! If it means anything, it means that it is within the power of

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one man, the owner of the controlling interest in the paper, to present in its true or perverted form or even withhold altogether such information as he may see fit. What a monarchical power that is to allow to repose in the hands of a single individual in a presumably democratic city! Could a more contemptible state of affairs exist even in darkest Russia with its censors of the press? And yet, until just before the last city election, when the publication of the *Morning Dispatch* was begun, Salem had for a long time been subject to just such a malediction.

With your advent into the local field of journalism reports of important happenings in city affairs will not, the writer firmly believes, be studiously perverted for base political reasons, if not entirely suppressed, or given minor attention in the press, while matters of practically no importance are laid before the people in glaring headlines; the Mayor and members of the City Council will no longer allow themselves to be intimidated and coerced in their actions or feel constrained to see that the press representatives fill so many positions on boards and commissions of the city through fear of being misrepresented to their constituents by the press; and rumours of graft, petty, or otherwise, will not be so prevalent.

The citizens of Salem owe you a great deal more

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than they realize at this time for the courageous installation of your newspaper in this community, and the writer firmly believes that, as your paper becomes better known, you will receive the cordial support of all good citizens.

Yours truly,

HEMAN CURTIS.

Mr. Curtis was a brother of the man to whom I gave the absent treatment to get something to eat. I replied to his letter and asked him to call and see me. After several conferences he elected to become a member of the staff of the *Dispatch* without pay.

And now it was necessary to start a new plant, so I sent for all my friends to hold a conference and to raise money.

Curtis put in one hundred dollars. Sanborn and Ed Allen each put in fifty dollars more, and several other people contributed small amounts. By a part payment I got a good little press in Boston, valued at six hun-

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dred dollars, and secured a young man, who had been in the Lynn plant which burned out, to be typesetter and pressman. And so the *Dispatch* started on its way again.

I had not ceased from the first to pay my respects to my competitor, the "Little Octopus," who published the opposition sheet. And he, as well as the politicians, did not bear my enterprise any good will. Early in the spring I had expected to secure the printing of the advertisements of the liquor license applications for the city, because the *News*, in a spectacular excess of virtue, had made it a policy never to take even so much of a liquor advertisement as this. When I was just about to print the names the *News* suddenly repented, reversed its established policy, and took the advertising. I commented on the hypocrisy of its action, and one after another, as I took up the instances of political mis-

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management, I called attention to the fact that the *News* had not seen fit to tell the public of them.

Finally, on Memorial Day, I made a flank movement by taking away from the control of the *News* the old newspaper I had originally tried to buy from them — the *Gazette* — and publishing it as an evening paper.

The thing was done very simply.

In the seven months I had been in Salem the old *Gazette* had not been published. The publisher of the *News* had let it die. I wrote to the authorities in Washington, stating the facts, and asking if there was anything to prevent my publishing a *Gazette*. They replied that there was not, and I came out with both a morning and evening paper.

I celebrated this event with a flippancy editorial which did not tend to allay the irritation caused by my move. I had two newspapers

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now in which to pay my respects to the political gangs and the *News*. And in the meantime I was pounding them on all occasions in the speech-making campaign I was beginning to make as a candidate for mayor. Two thirds of the daily newspapers in Salem, I announced, favoured Howard for mayor.

I soon began to find that my opponents were far from inactive. They had sent detectives to look up my whole career in New York. The *News* never mentioned my name, as a matter of policy; but Salem was flooded with scandals about me.

In May I had an unpleasant experience. I kept in the bottom drawer of my bureau, at the boarding-house, three or four hundred letters from my people in New York. They were my one pleasant link with my old life, and often on Sunday afternoons I used to take

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them out and read them. One Sunday afternoon in May I opened the drawer and found that the letters were gone. I went downstairs and asked "Ma" about them; whereupon she burst into tears and said she knew nothing about them. I went upstairs, threw most of my few belongings into a bag, and left the house. I had then and have still no doubt that the letters in some way got into the hands of my enemies.

After that I began to find that my letters had been opened when they reached me from the post-office. There was every sign that I was being watched on every side.

I hit back as hard blows as I knew how. I had worked out now a regular formula for the *Dispatch*. The features were a local story on the front page, with a mastodonic headline, often a single word which covered half the page; an editorial directed against local

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affairs; and a rhymed parody. As my campaign for mayor advanced, my attacks on the badly managed city government and the political machine became more and more direct and pointed.

CHAPTER XII

I HAD two interesting callers the next day, one of whom was a representative of the telephone company.

“Good morning;” he said, “I am from the telephone company with whom you signed a contract a few days ago and our managers told me to call and ask if you could give us any ‘recommends’ in Salem.”

“‘Recommends’ for what?” I asked.

“Well, we never heard of you before,” he said, “and we usually require ‘recommends.’”

“Do you think I am dishonest?” I asked.

“Certainly not,” he laughed, “in fact, we know absolutely nothing about you.”

“That is more than I can say of your company,” I rejoined. “I have heard several

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things detrimental to your monopoly, such as
excess charges, your service, etc."

"Yes," he broke in, "but it is a question
of money with us. We want to be sure
your bill is paid; so we either want a recom-
mend or a deposit of six dollars and fifty
cents."

"Is the telephone company hard up?" I
asked. "What is your capital?"

"Our capital," said my caller, "is up in the
millions."

"All water?" I asked.

"No, sir!" he replied, "bona fide assets."

"Then why the deuce do you want money
from me when you can see by surroundings
that I am hard up? Whom do I deposit the
money with?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "with us."

"And pray," I asked, "what do you de-
posit?"

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"Nothing, of course;" he said, "we put in the box and service."

"Look here, my friend," I said, "I have friends, but they are people whose friendship I value. A man is judged by the company he keeps. If I deposit real money with you I keep you company, don't I? All my friends have a pretty bad opinion of the telephone company. You propose to take my six dollars and fifty cents and in return I get a wooden box, some wire with a sassy girl on the other end. You put up six dollars and fifty cents with some bank and I'll do the same so long as we don't trust each other."

His face flushed angrily and he said: "I have never had any one talk so since I have been connected with the company."

"Because I am the only person that ever told you people the truth," I replied as he went out.

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I published the interview in my paper the next day, and one hour after it came out the telephone was installed.

My next caller was the gray-haired, all-tobacco cigarette smoker that told me about Bill my first day in Salem. His name was Ben Reed. He stood during his call and talked in his former jerky style.

“I’m glad your paper is getting along all right. You have my best wishes. Your knocks on the *News* and its owner are the stuff we want. Damon never cared for any one and nobody loves him so far as I can find out. When your paper gets a little better headway the *News* will look like thirty pennies. Damon looks proud and haughty going through the streets in his automobile with the bulldog on the seat with him, but at heart he is a squealer, and when you get him in a corner he’ll squeal or run

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away; and when he runs, he runs a long way.

“His paper lives on high-priced advertisements, with about one local story a day. The rest is done by some one with the scissors, probably himself, for he can cut out news and print it better than he can write it. Cutting news from other papers ought to be as easy for you as for him.

“His editorials are forever starting out, ‘Our esteemed contemporary says’ so and so, and then he goes on giving us the same old bunch of guff about capital punishment and bringing flowers to condemned criminals that we have been getting for years; but never a word about Salem and its own problems. The *News* has the cheapest paid and probably the weakest staff of writers of any paper in New England, and I hope you put the plant out of business.

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“The cracks on the Electric Light and Colonel Joe are all right too. Don’t feel badly because, as he says, he would not shake hands with a ‘Stinker.’ He would and has shaken hands with worse things, and if hands could speak Joe would have to wear mittens all the time to muffle the sound from his.

“It won’t do any harm to continue to give his chum, Misty Mike, a few side ones. He is posing as a theatrical manager and loafing around all day in City Hall and fumbling around the cubby holes in the Street Department’s roll-top desk. What Mike doesn’t know about the theatrical business would stuff a good many ballot boxes.

“That gang in the City Hall needs a harder cracking than you are giving them. There seems to be a race between several of them to see who can fill the cuspidor the first with tobacco juice. The clerk in the Water Board

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office doesn't know whether he's coming or going with the noise they make, and yet the City Marshal comes in every day with his gold badge and cut-rate clothes, and instead of stopping the proceedings starts right in with them by cutting off a piece of tobacco and then the fun begins. The Chief of Police would make a good constable for Bingville. That's where he came from and that's where he'll finally land, buttons, bill and breast protector, as Bill McSweeney would say to His Honour at the City Court.

"I agree with you that Alderman Billy is a misfit. He really thinks that he cuts ice, but he only jabs at it with the ice pick, and his work is a bungle. Well, the supply of gasoline that keeps his engine of bum oratory going will shut off next December. It's been hard to endure him. He sounds like a new automobile on the road. As I listen to him in

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City Hall and other places, he reminds me of a bad imitator of national characters in a vaudeville show. Billy as a City Father is like a tall hat on most mayors and undertakers. It's the right hat on the wrong block.

"I think you called most of the City Council 'Noodles.' I don't know what 'Noodles' are, but I know a bunch of fakirs when I see them, and it seems to me as though a very good proportion of the city government consisted of just such a bunch."

Ben Reed was famous for his unique philosophy, and I have given his remarks in full as I recall them, in order to show the opinion of one who had lived in Salem all his life and of the condition of affairs there. After that he came in frequently, and many of his quaint observations have found their way into the columns of the *Dispatch* from time to time.

CHAPTER XIII

ON SATURDAY morning, July 10, 1909, I was returning to Salem from Boston, where I had been to buy some type. As I alighted from the train, a little before ten o'clock, a policeman stepped up to me and said:

"I've got a warrant for your arrest."

"What for?" I asked.

"Criminal libel," he answered.

"Have you the warrant with you?" I asked him.

"No," he answered; "but if you will come over to the court I will show it to you. If you will give me your word that you will meet me there," he continued, "I will spare you the odium of arrest."

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So I promised, went to the office and got the paper out, and then went, with my associate, Curtis, to the courthouse. I was called to the bar, and arraigned on the charge of criminal libel, preferred by Alderman Doyle. I asked to see the complaint, and the clerk responded that it had been locked up over Sunday. The whole thing seemed strange to me, and I rose and said to the judge: "Your Honour, how can I plead if I don't know what is in the complaint?"

The judge ordered it to be brought out. It was about an article I had published on Doyle the week before. Instead of being made by Doyle himself, the complaint was made by James B. Skinner, the assistant marshal of the city. The two best-known lawyers in Salem, Joseph F. Quinn and Michael L. Sullivan, appeared for Doyle. Sullivan was the attorney for the big liquor and corporation interests

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and the legal adviser of Editor Damon of the *News*. My case was set for Friday morning, six days later; and when this was done the attorneys for the prosecution insisted that my bail be placed at twenty-five hundred dollars.

I was without counsel myself; but I stepped forward and said that that bail was unreasonable and entirely out of my reach. It happened that on that very morning an Italian, who was defended by one of the attorneys for the prosecution, had been held for an assault to kill under only one thousand dollar bonds. I called the judge's attention to the fact that it was ridiculous to hold me on twenty-five hundred dollars bonds when this man had been released on one thousand dollars. At that rate, I pointed out, I could afford to try and kill two men and a boy for the same bail rate as one was charged for writing an editorial

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on political conditions. The judge set my bail at one thousand dollars and gave me until Monday morning to procure it.

As soon as I left court I rushed to Boston to see Mr. Peabody, but found him out of the city on a long vacation. Curtis, my new associate, who was with me, suggested that I call upon a minister, formerly of Salem, who had made serious charges against the political gangs in Salem. When I saw him he advised me to secure the best counsel in Boston. I went from him to see Louis D. Brandeis.

When I met Mr. Brandeis I frankly told him my history, both in New York and Salem, my disastrous experience in money matters in the past, and my present lack of funds. After hearing my story he said he would take my case, notwithstanding my financial condition. "You need not worry about that," he said.

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His unqualified advice to me was practically: "Go to jail." If I had the sand to do this, he said, the result, in all probability, would be worse for my persecutors than for myself.

CHAPTER XIV

I WENT back to Salem, and brought out in the *Dispatch* on Monday morning an editorial entitled, "On the Way." It ran like this:

Good-bye, boys.

Heard the news?

Our editor has been arrested.

Complaint was made by M. J. Doyle, alderman of the city of Salem. The complaint is libel.

Messrs. Quinn and Sullivan are the attorneys for Mr. Doyle. They are our two best and most expensive lawyers. Now, Mr. Doyle told Alderman Cahill several times that he would not spend one cent to get after Howard. Some one else must have put up the money. Who? "Colonel" Peterson, Damon, or Mayor Hurley? We doubt very much if Mr. Doyle would put up a cent.

The complaint says that Howard deprived Doyle of his good name, fame, and reputation. Try as hard as

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he could, Mr. Howard could not help smiling as he stood there in court listening to this complaint.

"What a beautiful world this is! How beautiful the flowers are! How brilliantly the sun shines! And how nice to walk abroad and breathe the fresh air! And to think that on Monday we must bid good-bye to all, and go down to jail!

We pounded out from eight to nine thousand copies of the *Dispatch*, and they were on the street at 5 A. M., selling like hot cakes. I had three boys stationed outside of Editor Damon's house and yelling at the top of their voices:

"All about Doyle!"

At nine o'clock I appeared in the police court alone. I had decided not to have any lawyer in these preliminary proceedings.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Howard," said the judge, "to give a bond of \$1,000?"

"No, Your Honour," I said; "and I don't know where I could get it."

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Lawyer Sullivan sprang to his feet and said:

"This man has a wealthy father in New York who could readily supply the bond."

"Mr. Sullivan is more familiar with my family," I said, "than I am with his."

"I will let you go on your own recognizance again until to-morrow morning," said the judge; "and I would advise you to communicate with your father."

I had no intention of bringing my father into the matter. He was sailing for Europe, I happened to know, the next morning at ten o'clock. He was an old man, feeble, and in need of rest, and I did not intend to worry him with this affair of mine. He would have come to my aid, I knew. He had been following my efforts to reestablish myself for several months, and I knew he had been pleased. But I proposed to go alone. Besides, I had no

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fear for the final outcome of my case — I knew where I stood; and I served notice of that fact in an editorial in the next morning's *Dispatch* which I called

AS OUR CONSCIENCE DIRECTS

We want to say for the benefit of all grafters and politicians, and the public in general, that nothing has ever been said in the *Dispatch* that did not have our most careful consideration. The editorials and articles have each and every one been based upon what we believe, and after careful investigation have felt positively certain, to be solid facts. And we would like to impress upon all the fact that we have no personal spite against any individual. It is the system which is in vogue in this city that we are against.

On Tuesday morning I went before the court again, and asked the judge to hold me for appearance before the court on Friday under my own recognizance. I did not own one thousand dollars' worth of property, I told him, and I did not believe, while carrying

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out a public work in my newspaper, that I ought to put myself under an obligation to any one. I was only accused of a misdemeanour; I had already shown that I would not run away; and, if he chose, he could very properly hold me in this way.

The judge seemed quite upset when he heard that I had not secured bail, and asked:

“Haven’t you communicated with your father, Mr. Howard?”

“Oh!” I said, jumping to my feet, as if I had forgotten all about it. “Yes, Your Honour. I have communicated with my father and I have got some good news. My father sailed for Europe this morning. It has been several years since he has been away, and the vacation can’t help doing him good.”

The judge looked very much surprised. The lawyers for the prosecution whispered together and consulted with the judge; and

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finally the judge said that he would let me go until two o'clock so I could raise my bail in Salem.

All I had to do, I felt sure, was to leave town during one of these respites that were given me, and the whole thing would be ended. What my enemies wanted was to get me out of Salem.

Early in the afternoon I came into court again, and told the judge I did not want to get any Salem people on my bonds. I would rather go to jail than do this.

"And, by the way," I said, "Alderman Doyle is the man who is sending me to jail, and he doesn't seem to be in court this morning. In fact, he hasn't been in court any day."

The lawyers began an elaborate explanation of Doyle's absence; and finally the judge cleared the court and called the assistant

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marshal — the man who had been complainant for Doyle in the matter — to take me to jail.

The assistant marshal came over to me and said: "You are foolish, Howard, not to let some of these people go your bail. There are three or four people in this room who would do it; I have heard them say so."

Then I got up and cried at the top of my voice:

"I think it is a perfect outrage, when a man is perfectly willing to go to jail, that every one should try to stop him."

The assistant marshal began to pound on the desk, and called on one of the inspectors to take me. So we started in a leisurely manner for jail.

I bought some magazines, and went into a restaurant with the inspector and had lunch; then we strolled toward the jail. As we went

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along we passed the liquor-dealer mayor, with his resplendent silk hat perched over one ear and his silky side-whiskers, walking home to luncheon. He smiled with the utmost geniality, waved his hand affably, and passed on.

Curtis dropped into the post-office and brought me a farewell letter from my father; and finally we arrived at the jail. I smoked a farewell cigar in the sheriff's room, and in the middle of the afternoon I found myself an inmate of cell 45.

I had been there only a short time when the cell-keeper came down and told me there was a little boy who wanted to see me. I was allowed to step into an anteroom; and there was Johnny, my newsboy. He bore with him a box of ice cream, as an expression of his personal feeling, and he assured me that he would be outside in case I needed him. So I showed him where my cell was, and he said he would

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be across the street, and take a look at me occasionally. Finally the cell-keeper came in and put him out — much against his will.

My arrest was a local sensation, of course, and as soon as I reached jail I told Curtis to print the following notice in the centre of a blank editorial column of the evening paper — the *Gazette*:

Editor Howard is in jail. As soon as the authorities give him paper and pencil, he will send us an editorial.

The next morning, Wednesday, I printed as my first page leader a jocose statement of my situation, headed:

IN JAIL — A FEW PERT REMARKS BY NO. 45

I am the guest of Mr. Essex County, board free. I am afraid I am too much of a gentleman to find fault with my host, but I do think Mr. Essex County should employ more servants.

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My bed is the worst made I ever saw, and all because I make it myself. If Mr. Essex County wanted a newspaper edited I might be able to accommodate him, but when it comes to making beds, I am afraid that kind of business is not in my line. I also dislike this early bell at 5:45 A. M. It annoys me. Why do they call me early, when I am on a vacation?

Speaking of beds, my mattress and pillow feel as if they were stuffed with knotted rope.

It seems that the rooms here are called cells. There are no bellboys — no electric bells to summon a servant. And I am no longer Editor Howard: I am just 45.

My trunk has not arrived. Stupid express company.

Think of sleeping without pajamas for the first time in twenty years. Awful nuisance!

Last night the moon had a golden ring,

To-night no moon I see.

And the Editor sadly lay on his cot;

"It's beastly slow," said he.

In my editorial I explained my position.

Many people expected that if our editor was put in jail there would come such an outburst of wrath and

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indignation from him as never appeared before in print.

But Mr. Howard does not get excited. Mr. Howard has no desire to pose as a martyr or a hero; he just has his convictions and sticks to them.

Now that we are here in cell No. 45, it is time to be calm, cool, and collective. It is not the time to rush wildly into print, and try the case in our own paper. Now is the time when one's nerves must be of steel; there must be no wavering. The truth will prevail, and the man that dares to do right will win.

What's the use of getting excited over it all? Just wait and see.

What's the use of getting busy, when there's not much you can do?

What's the use of rushing wildly, when rest is best for you?

What's the use of being a Damon, and running far away?

Why not be a chap like Howard? If you're in the game — just stay?

What's the use of having a paper if it isn't known at all?

What's the use of waiting for excitement? Isn't summer as good as fall?

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What's the good of having jails, if there's none to put in there?

What's the use of running for council — why not run for mayor?

Curtis was in charge at the *Dispatch* office, pushing out all the newspapers he could print. There was no doubt the public was with us. In the meantime I was getting interesting information in the jail. Knowing that I was in for attacking the political gang the other prisoners told me tales of them. Curiously enough, the man in the next cell to me was a fellow who bewailed the fact that he was in confinement for illegal liquor selling, when the man who was really responsible was the silk-hatted mayor of the city, who had suavely greeted me as I walked to jail.

My next editorial was entitled "More News from 45," and ran as follows:

Speaking of money. We don't use it in here. Quite a convenience for us. That, probably, is why Damon beat it instead of going to jail. Brother Damon loves

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money, and to miss handling it would be too much of a privation for him.

By the way, visitors are allowed. Where is Damon? Here is his opportunity to show there is no ill will. Let him motor down and ask for No. 45 and come in and say, "Hello, Howard, I am Damon. Can I do anything for you?" And we would say, "Hello, Old Bluff. Where is the Colonel? Couldn't he come?" Well, well, that is a fine joke, and all our own, too.

So Jack Cahill is out of town! Dear, dear, Jack is a good fellow! He means well, but, bless your heart, there was no need of his going away.

Jack never told us anything; in fact, we put him "wise" several times.

How this jail business does take the pride out of one! We certainly thought that the *Dispatch* would go to the bow-wows if we left the office for an hour; and now it sells better than ever. Wonder why?

This place will not suit us for the summer. We can see that its location is good — that it is built high enough to get the air — and that it is in every way secure; but the crowd that run it are a bunch of rub-

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bernecks. They are too much interested in the boarders — always watching them and reading their letters.

The life in jail did not agree with me very well. It was a good enough jail, I suppose, as jails go; but it was of stone and the walls were damp, and by the second evening I was there I was suffering from an attack of rheumatism which was decidedly painful. I celebrated this fact in an editorial on Thursday afternoon on "Reading, Rheumatism and Restlessness — Describing the Occupation and Preoccupation of My Life in Cell 45."

THE THREE R'S

The thing that annoys us about being in this jail is the lack of respect shown. Isn't it natural to suppose that a person in jail is a hardened sinner or a deep-dyed villain? We always thought so; but here it seems different; every one seems to think it a huge joke. There is a broad grin on every side and no one seems to feel the least bit sorry for us.

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There are three R's in jail as well as in school. They are: "Reading, Rheumatism and Restlessness." We have read until our eyes are sore; everything from the Twenty-third Psalm down to the Annual Report of the City of Salem. The Twenty-third Psalm is the finest thing ever written; the Annual Report of the City of Salem is — No you don't, now; you can't catch us; we don't want to go to jail again. Just you read it and guess.

The smallness of our cell makes us Restless. Lions can pace their cages, but we cannot pace this cell. The thing is too small. This all leads to Restlessness. No exercise is allowed. We read; we write; we sit; we stand; we think; we gaze out; we eat; and we smile. Then we do it all over again. Restlessness — it gets on a fellow's nerves.

Rheumatism — a thin specimen of humanity has no right to select a brick or stone cell to sleep in; there is dampness in all such buildings and it gets in the system. If there is any bone in our miserable body that does not ache with Rheumatism we cannot find it.

If we did not have the Rheumatism and did not feel so Restless the Reading and Rest would be a change.

That afternoon the sheriff came into the cell and took all my newspapers and magazines

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away, leaving me only my writing materials. When I saw him passing by an hour afterward I asked him if prisoners were not allowed to have the Bible, and he brought me one immediately. After looking it over for an hour, I wrote the following little editorial:

A WARNING TO THE RING

Peradventure, saith the Lord, if there be five good men, I will save the city.

The wicked dig a pit for the good man, and fall into it themselves. Oh, ye hypocrites and sinners!

When I handed this copy of the editorial to the Sheriff to give to the boy from the office, he read it over carefully, as he did everything I sent out. It reached the office about 4:30 in the afternoon and they brought out an extra. Half an hour after the extra came out, all the newspapers, magazines and books were restored to me and I commenced on Friday morning's editorial. Six or seven

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times I was allowed out of my cell to walk up and down the corridor, and I was allowed to talk to the prisoners. Without going into detail I can say here that I got more information about the political ring in Salem in three days inside the jail than in months outside.

On Thursday afternoon, after I had sent out my editorial, I was suffering so from rheumatism that I had them telephone a doctor I knew, to come to see me. The Sheriff refused to allow me to have my doctor and insisted that I see the one regularly employed by the jail. When he came he prescribed some medicine for me and told me that I should be transferred upstairs into the hospital. I refused to go up to the hospital and told the Sheriff and doctor I would not take the medicine unless I had my own doctor. The next morning my case was called in court.

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As I left the jail, I noticed a little boy asleep on the steps. It was Johnny. He had been there all night.

The hearing was very brief. My lawyer from Mr. Brandeis's office was now present. We waived examination, and the case was put over to the Grand Jury. Sanborn put up a piece of real estate; Ed Allen put up two hundred dollars in cash; and I returned to the *Dispatch* office to continue my newspaper work, and to hammer on my campaign for mayor.

CHAPTER XV

ABOUT a week or ten days after I had got out of jail, I was at work in the tiny office of the *Dispatch* when a stranger came in. I looked up and saw a very small man, surmounted by a silk hat, standing in the middle of the floor.

“My name is Hunt,” said the small man in an excited voice, “and I have been sued for libel.”

“Well, I didn’t do it, did I?” said I.

It was a mystery to me; I had never seen the man before.

“This is serious business,” said the little man. “I am the Mayor of Newburyport, and I may have to go to jail.”

I found out then that he had come down to

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get my advice as an expert defendant in libel suits. My trial and imprisonment had been in all the Boston papers, and I had been widely advertised by my fight with the political ring.

"I am sick of the whole thing," said the Mayor of Newburyport. "I'd sell you my paper cheap."

I was as hard up as ever. The *Dispatch* had never made both ends meet — though it had grown to a big circulation — because it carried practically no advertising. I was as willing to take a chance in Newburyport as I had been in Salem. Libel suits had lost their terrors for me. So Hunt's offer interested me.

His sheet, the Newburyport *Item*, would bring me sixty dollars a week, he said, and he would take thirty-five hundred dollars for it.

I arranged with him to pay him for his plant and paper in this way: fifty dollars down for the newspaper, and thirty-five hundred dollars

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for his plant in notes of seventy dollars, due every week until the whole sum was paid. At the end of that period the plant would be mine.

Now, if the *Item* would earn sixty dollars a week, and I had to pay him seventy dollars, I would need to raise only ten dollars a week to buy the plant. I took the offer. As security, Hunt demanded and got a majority of the stock of the new corporation I was forming to take over the *Dispatch*.

For two weeks I got out a paper in Newburyport, together with two in Salem, and incidentally promoted my campaign for mayor of Salem, vibrating rapidly between the two cities.

Before this time was up I found that the Newburyport *Item* earned far less than the sixty dollars I had counted on. A good share of the advertising had been taken by Mr.

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Hunt, who was a married man, in groceries and clothing, which helped me very little. Such matters as a contract for three dollars a week in services from a woman's hairdresser had no very tangible value to me.

I had carried the *Item* as far as I could go. If it did not earn sixty dollars a week I could not pay seventy.

At the end of the first week, when my note came due, Mr. Hunt was away on a vacation; at the end of the second week he appeared in my office demanding the payment of my two weekly notes which were now due.

That day — it was Saturday, August 14, 1909 — was one of unusual interest for me. At ten o'clock the Mayor of Newburyport appeared for payment of his two notes. I explained to him as best I could, in breaks in his conversation, that I couldn't possibly pay him; I didn't have the money. He went out

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of my office threatening vengeance. He was a very excitable man. At eleven o'clock I passed along the street and saw him sitting in the office of my wealthy competitor, Damon of the *News*.

Early that afternoon I was arrested again for criminal libel — this time by Damon. For a while it looked as if this warrant of my competitor, which had been sworn out on Thursday and was not served until Saturday afternoon, would keep me in jail over Sunday. I thought, however, of a local liquor dealer, Daniel T. Haggerty — a good hater of the *News* and a man famous locally for helping the “under dog” — and he came to my help with eight hundred dollars bail.

So Sunday I didn't stay in jail. But on Monday my troubles started in promptly with the business week. In the morning the foreman at the Newburyport plant told me, by

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telephone, that Mr. Hunt had taken it back and forbade me the premises. That broke my contract to buy his plant, but left me owner of the Newburyport newspaper. It stood me fifty dollars in cash, and the hundred and forty dollars still due for the two weeks in which I ran the plant.

That afternoon I began to hear rumours that my rival Damon owned control of my own newspaper, the *Dispatch*, and that finally he had me cornered.

What had really happened was what I suspected when I saw Hunt with Damon. Hunt had taken to Damon the stock in my new Maine company which I had given him as collateral when I gave him notes for his newspaper plant. I had formed this Maine corporation to take my newspaper from the Massachusetts company which held it first. A company under Massachusetts laws could

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have no shares of less than ten dollars, and I went to Maine to get the right to issue shares of a dollar, so that I could get small subscriptions from people who could afford to take a chance with a dollar or two, but not ten.

But Damon hadn't cornered me quite yet; for my property hadn't been transferred yet to the Maine corporation. All that Hunt had to sell was certificates in the shell corporation, which had no assets or contents.

Finally they discovered this, and Mr. Hunt went back to his printing plant in Newburyport, leaving Damon and me to fight it out alone — he with his libel suit and I with my struggling newspaper. That fall Hunt shipped his plant to Kansas. He left Newburyport before his term of mayor really expired. What became of his libel suit, which drove him across my field of activity in Salem, I never knew. I afterward paid him the hundred and

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forty dollars with interest. But from that time on my own troubles furnished a continuous occupation for my mind.

One night, during these weeks of excitement which followed my release from jail, I had a setback of an unexpected nature. I lost my affidavit concerning the big political graft in Salem which had been given me by Ned Bates.

CHAPTER XVI

I WAS alone in my office. There was a chill in the air and I lighted a fire in the stove. Sitting before it I was thinking of my trial yet to come. The affidavit made by Ned Bates was in the inside pocket of my vest. I always carried it there for safety.

The door downstairs opened and two people came up, passed through the outer office and came into my little room. I recognized Mrs. Bates and her little daughter Nellie.

"I am Mrs. Bates," she said.

I arose and gave her a seat. The little girl went over in the corner and sat on a bundle of papers. She was a frail little girl with large, dark eyes.

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After seating herself Mrs. Bates turned to me and said:

"You have a confession from Mr. Bates about the paving deal, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you give it to me?" she asked.

"I could not," I replied firmly.

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because I am going to use it," I answered.

"In what way?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," I replied.

"You are not going to publish it, are you?" she asked, almost in terror. Nellie began to cry.

"Probably," I replied. "But that need not trouble you. It will not get Mr. Bates into trouble."

"But how about Nellie and me?" she asked.

"You are all right," I answered.

"We won't be all right if you print such a

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story," she answered. "It would ruin us forever."

I sat silent. Nellie was still crying quietly.

"Will you give it to me?" Mrs. Bates repeated.

"Really," I replied, "that would be impossible. It is part of my defence in my libel suit."

"And incidentally will elect you mayor," she interrupted.

"That is not the object," I replied.

"Then why use it?" she asked. "It is no crime to forget."

"That is not the question," I answered. "It will not get Mr. Bates in trouble, but it will correct the system that exists of a few people robbing the many."

"Why should you do that?" she asked.

"Because it is my duty," I replied.

"Your duty! Your duty!" she almost screamed. "And who are you that talks

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duty? Have you always done your duty? Did you do your duty when you deceived your father? If you always did your duty, would you be here to-day away from your family and away from your friends? You're a fine one to preach duty here."

The little girl was staring at me with her big eyes, an occasional tremor going through her frame.

I got up from my seat and paced the floor. How could I get rid of her? How could I calm her? I must be firm.

"Well?" she asked.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I must refuse you."

"The *Dispatch* says the time to be sorry is before you do a thing," she said sharply.

I could not reply. The little girl was sobbing.

"It's cruel of you," she said, "very cruel of

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you to harm Nellie and me just to further your ambitions. It's a shame to make us suffer. You claim to be honorable, but you don't hesitate to take advantage of a man who is drunk. I think it is contemptible on your part and hard and unjust on us who are defenseless. When I married Ned he was a good man, he did not drink, did not lie, did not take what did not belong to him, but politics ruined him; ruined him and will ruin us. I don't care! I don't care! I married him for better or for worse and I'm going to stick by him no matter what he does. He's my Ned and I love him."

A film seemed to come in front of my eyes. I could see far, far away. There was my old father with the tears in his eyes, saying he could do no more for me. It was but the act of a moment to tear open my vest. It took but a second to thrust the paper in the stove. The fire seemed to be waiting for it and the

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flame licked it up. I sank in my seat and my head dropped on my arm.

Mrs. Bates rose slowly and started for the door with Nellie. She did not say a word, but as she passed me she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder.

I heard them go to the stairs and heard Mrs. Bates start to descend. Suddenly there was a rush toward me, two little arms were thrown around my neck, and a face wet with tears was pressed to mine.

CHAPTER XVII

THERE are some things you can't tell your friends. Ed and Bill would not understand. I don't understand myself. We have our moments that we do such things. The world says they are foolish. Perhaps they are. I am just a human being after all and any one in my position would have done the same. So I did not tell even Curtis. I simply took up my work and went steadily on.

I was invited to speak before two church clubs, and a literary society. I talked good government and was well listened to. Meantime I was pouring hot shot into the Colonel and Damon. Alderman Doyle I left alone. I had him. Already the Board of Aldermen were after

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the Chief of Police, and the *News* was tangled up defending all my opponents' misdeeds. I had them all guessing. What did I know? When would the next explosion take place?

It always seemed to me that the average newspaper carried so-called muck-raking too far. Don't misunderstand me. I used the word muck-raking as the average reader knows it. I did not consider myself a muck-raker, but I was fully aware that I would shortly be so styled. My contention was that the case of Salem required a surgeon's knife, not some mild medicine. To arouse the voter it is necessary to use strong words, but at the same time, the greatest effect will be made by contrast. Therefore, I should praise some man, not damn all. Among the members of the Board of Aldermen was a man named Rufus D. Adams. He was superintendent of a Sunday School. Mr. Adams,

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in the opinion of the average citizen, was a highly respectable gentlemen. Certain it was that he was honest. In my opinion he was not over-burdened with brains. However, he had a good face, was easy in manner and looked a good man to bolster up. His honesty, in my opinion, would counterbalance his weak nature. And so I decided to feature Mr. Adams up. He was the best one in the city government and it would prevent any one from saying that I slammed everybody. A little newspaper praise and we had him walking with his chest expanded. He was easy to flatter, and the prominence given his honesty made him anxious to fill the rôle we had selected for him. If Mr. Adams asked a question about some order in the Board of Aldermen, we put a big heading on it and called attention to his honest efforts to look out for the city.

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Strange words these, are they not? But remember the game I was up against. Adams never deceived me for a moment. I knew he was like putty, and I realized that if the ring ever half tried, they could make him do as they wished, but by featuring him up I put him in the spotlight and made it impossible for them to manipulate him.

I dug up a little horse deal in which Adams had asked some questions of the dealer. I used big type and wrote it up strongly, insinuating that Alderman Adams had put his foot down hard. All this was a bit risky, for the people might select Adams as a candidate for mayor, but I took the chance that the average man does not do much thinking. And so, behold Alderman Adams, the champion of Good Government, made so by the power of the press.

It was just at this time that a man came to

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me with a whole page advertisement. We set up eight proofs for him before we pleased him. Finally it came out and he came down to our office and paid his bill and said that he had had such good returns that he wanted to pay something extra and gave me a ten-dollar gold piece, which I put in my inside pocket and kept for reserve.

It was Old Home Week and the city government was going to give a series of entertainments which took the form of a parade, a celebration on a battleship in the harbour and a big dinner. The *Dispatch* was forgotten when the invitations were sent out and I criticised the entertainment committee severely for their action. Colonel Peterson was at the head of the entertainment committee, so I don't suppose he felt that he could consider having me around.

On the third day of the celebration the

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children from the Orphan Asylum were taken down to the shore with the intention of showing them over the battleship. There were two hundred of them and they had been there about an hour when I arrived. One of the alderman, who was in wrong with the political ring, came over to me and said: "It is a perfect outrage; they're having a big celebration on board the boat with wine and cigars, and these children were brought down here, and as the city government have arrived they cannot take the children on board, and it looks pretty bad to see them standing over there alone.

"If I had ten dollars," he said, "I would blow them to some peanuts and ice cream."

"And so would I," I replied, walking down to the shore to take a look at the battleship.

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There seemed something familiar about ten dollars, and suddenly there flashed through my mind that I had the ten-dollar gold piece in my inside pocket, and I went over to the restaurant and asked the man how much he would charge to supply two hundred plates of ice cream and a bag of peanuts each for the children, and he said fourteen dollars. I told him I had only ten dollars, but I would owe him four dollars. He said he would do it for ten dollars, and I went over to the Sisters who were gathered in a group, undecided what to do, and I said to them:

“I am Mr. Howard of the *Dispatch* and I have heard that there has been some disarrangement of the plans for the children. If you will have them go up into the pavilion, I will treat them all to ice cream and peanuts.”

They marched the children in and they were

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served with ice cream and peanuts while I stood in the background with the alderman "who was in wrong" and watched them. A ten-dollar gold piece spent that way gives better satisfaction than ten dollars to a head waiter in New York who owns plenty of real estate. "A fool and his money are soon parted," perhaps, but I am not sorry. I can hear the voices of the children to-day saying, "It's ice cream," "and peanuts, too." Things have a way of evening up in this world. Johnny brought ice cream to me in jail, his treat. Why shouldn't I treat some one that was worse off than I?

The hearing in my second libel suit came. It was upon eight counts, based upon articles I had printed concerning Damon and his paper. In almost every way it was like the case brought in the name of Alderman Doyle. The same attorneys appeared. The com-

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plaint was brought, not by the complainant, but by another minor official in the police department. The plaintiff, as in the other case, failed to appear against me. The Police Inspector testified that he had read the items in the *Dispatch* about Mr. Damon, kept track of them for months for the safety of the city, and now swore out the complaint on his own initiative, without any suggestions from any one else. The witnesses were just the same as in the Doyle case. I was bound over, as in the other case, to the Grand Jury — this time under eight hundred dollars, which was furnished by Dan Haggerty, the same man who put up for me when the complaint was first made four days before.

I had no fear of Damon or his libel suit. In the first issue after my arrest, I left out my editorial and placed in its column the words:

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"THOSE WHOM THE GODS WOULD DE-
STROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD"

The next day I printed the following editorial:

We have been very naughty. We have been a disobedient child. We have hurt a sensitive plant.

Isn't it too bad?

And now it turns and says, "I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more," and then spends a lot of money getting after a "poor editor."

Were you there yesterday?

Did you hear what a terrible creature this Howard is? Why it took two expensive men to tell what a wicked little pen he has.

Do you believe any one cares what one editor says about the other?

When a man rushes to law he rushes to madness. We thought and still think that a man who cannot take a joke is a zero.

We told our tale of woe to a big Boston lawyer and he said that in his opinion we were both guilty.

No one takes it seriously when one rival sues another. Place a diamond between two jewellers. One will

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say it is fine, and the other that it is not. Which knows? Which is wrong?

We think the *Dispatch* is the best paper published. Thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-two other editors think theirs is the best. Once in a while we say little things about one another. If we all got mad the courts would be choked with business.

Sensitive plants are all right in the garden, but they perish in the city.

One flea will make a dog just as wild as twen y fleas.

This second suit created more excitement than the first. There were five hundred people in the court room at the time of the trial. My circulation jumped up again to seven or eight thousand copies, and from every indication the sympathy of the public was with me. My campaign for mayor went on with renewed success.

CHAPTER XVIII

NOT long after that my father returned from Europe, and wrote to me that he would like to see me. He asked me to come halfway to New York to meet him. I went down one Sunday and met him in New London, where we talked for two hours.

He had not heard of either of my arrests, and was a little troubled when I told him about them. I told him they didn't amount to anything; but he suggested that he would make some kind of settlement, and offered me a small amount of money if I would go away and live quietly somewhere else. I told him I proposed to stay and fight the thing out where I was, and he acquiesced.

We both noticed the change in each other, I

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think. He had grown very old and feeble, and said he would probably never see me again. When we parted I thought him a very pathetic figure. Every day after that until election day I received a letter from my father every morning, and every letter contained a five-dollar bill.

In the middle of September the Grand Jury met. Damon rode over to the court house on the first day; but Doyle left for Rhode Island. There was a good deal of excitement over this, and the District Attorney threatened to throw the case out of court. That morning Damon was telephoning around to find Doyle and get him to the court house. That night Doyle returned from Rhode Island.

I came out with scare headlines in my paper the next day, saying that Damon had brought Doyle back to save the suits. That morning the District Attorney brought the two cases

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before the Grand Jury, and they found indictments against me on both counts.

The next morning I came out with an editorial which I called:

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

There are times when the poor man must not only fight, but must fight hard for existence — when the concentrated money powers do all in their power to wipe him out of existence. It is then that the powerful corporations, with their bulging pockets of gold, lavishly contribute to crush the weak. This is a pathetic time for the poor; a time when courage is needed; a time when a man must stand up and, single-handed, watch the Octopus approach; see its devouring, grasping, relentless mouth smacking its lips in expectation.

Poverty has indeed its sorrow; poverty has indeed its troubles; but every setback to the man with a purpose is only an incentive to harder work and more determination.

The man who fights for the people must expect to have the corporations and the wealthy, the wrongdoer, and the politicians against him. He must face the "combine," the "system," and the "ring," and expect the concentration of capital against him.

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My associate editor, Curtis, was indicted with me by the Grand Jury, and before he could find bail was compelled to go to jail for a short time. Through my paper I demanded an early trial and it was expected in the second week in October.

Just before the Superior Court adjourned in the middle of the month my case was called, and again Damon came into prominence. The Doyle case had been started over a month before Damon's, and now the Damon case was called up first. It was an extraordinary thing, and naturally attracted attention. Mr. Doyle was very clearly not anxiously pushing his case; and Damon and his attorney, Sullivan, were more and more conspicuous.

But the Damon case was merely called, and then went over for several months before the trial, as the court immediately adjourned.

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As for me, at the time my case was called I was in the hospital — for political reasons.

Among the first of the politicians whom I attacked in Salem were the McSweeney brothers, who, second only to Attorney Sullivan, Damon's lawyer, made political and business capital out of the liquor business. The extraordinary adroitness with which they handled this main asset of theirs I had celebrated early in my editorial:

BOTH SIDES AND THE MIDDLE

The other day we wandered into an office where the sign in front read "Attorneys-at-Law," and we asked the girl if Mr. McSweeney was in.

"What do you want to see him about?" she said.

"Why, what difference does that make?" we replied.

"Well," she answered, "if it is about politics it makes a lot of difference which brother you see."

"Kindly explain," we said, leaning gracefully up against the counter and lighting a huge cigar.

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"Well, it's just this way: Billy, the first partner, is a Republican, and treasurer of the Local Republican Committee; so if it's anything in reference to Republican politics you must see him about it.

"Morgan is a Democrat, and treasurer of the Local Democratic Committee, and if you are a Democrat you must see him. On the other hand," she added, "if you want to be perfectly independent, or join any of the parties like the Socialist or the Prohibition, Parkie will look out for you."

"I hope the brothers all agree," we said.

"Oh, certainly," she replied; "they all get along splendidly together."

Whereupon we said: "Well, we wish to see one of the brothers on a political matter. Which one shall we see?"

"Well," she said, "if you are looking for a license you should see Morgan, who is a license commissioner; when you go to hire your building, you must see Parkie, who takes care of the real estate department; and Bill would be your attorney to draw the papers."

"Say," we asked, "do you ever lose anything up in this office?"

"No," she replied, with a laugh; "we play both sides and the middle."

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In addition to having all the facilities for serving the liquor business, all the McSweeneys were active members of the Total Abstinence Society. When Billy, who was an alderman, came out as a candidate for mayor, the three brothers directed the family political machine toward his election.

One day in the middle of October there was a big temperance parade in Salem, in which the McSweeney brothers were prominent paraders. Two hours before, the candidate for mayor had been in court defending a man for illegal liquor-selling. The next morning I came out with a jocose chronicle of the candidate's dual rôle in the *Dispatch*.

As I went down to Town House Square on my way to breakfast the next morning, Parker McSweeney strode up to me with a copy of the *Dispatch* in his hand, and exclaimed:

"Did you write that article?"

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"Yes," I replied.

"Unless you promise to retract it to-morrow morning," he said, "I'll thrash you on the spot."

I advised him to go down to the North River and jump in and cool himself off. Thereupon he jumped at me, struck me on the head, and knocked me down.

McSweeney was a powerful man, over six feet tall, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I weighed then only a little over one hundred pounds. My chances were slight. His brother Morgan rushed up and led him away. I got up on my feet and went down to my office, where I dictated an account of the affair, which appeared the next morning.

My friends wanted me to swear out a warrant for the man's arrest, but I refused, and, turning over the paper to Curtis, I went to a hospital in Boston to get treatment. There I

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found I was not seriously hurt, though my left arm was so badly bruised that it was for the time entirely useless. On the third day, when I was beginning to sit up, I received a telegram saying that the circulation of the *Dispatch* had fallen off half, and I went back immediately to Salem. And from that time until election day I was in harness day and night, getting out the newspaper and carrying on my campaign for mayor.

It was a fight like nothing the old city of Salem had ever seen. For six weeks before the election I carried on a ceaseless personal campaign. Every day I got out two newspapers filled with politics. My paper had only two set articles a day — an editorial and a leading article. They were sufficient. Salem had never seen such articles, and the headlines of Hearst's newspapers were small compared to mine. Every one read the

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Dispatch; even Damon's wife had her news-boy deliver it to her, wrapped up inside the Boston paper. Its circulation went up to eight thousand.

Every night I spoke from three to ten times. I talked everywhere — in halls, on street corners, and in barns. I visited every small store, every club, every place where men gathered. I visited and I made a house-to-house canvass of the city. I had been in the city, you must remember, less than a year; I had just been able to register as a voter in Massachusetts; and it was necessary for me to get acquainted.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen were back of me, directing. Neither one of them had been in active politics before; but they made the shrewdest of politicians, and they had the aid of other more experienced men. They had in their hands a check-list of every voter in

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the city, and they and their friends felt the pulse of the whole community. Whenever they met the objection that the voter did not know me, they gave me his name, and I made it my business to see him. As there were seventy-five hundred voters in the city, the field of my activities was large.

There were five separate candidates in the field — Hurley, the serving mayor; McSweeney; Pollock, a barber and a member of the State Legislature; Goodhue, an aristocratic citizen nominated by the Good Government Association, who represented the “blue bloods,” and myself. There had never been such an aggregation of candidates for the mayoralty in quiet Salem before.

All of us men ran, not as candidates of any national party, but as non-partisan candidates on nomination papers. As it came time for the filing of the papers I was anxious.

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I filed mine the first day possible, but the others delayed. Rumour said that some of them might withdraw. My success depended on keeping them all in and splitting the vote, so I began to use my strongest weapon, my newspaper, to force them all to run.

First I came out with a statement that Billy McSweeney was going to quit. This brought him out with the statement that he would never withdraw. Then I got after Pollock in a story saying that he had been ordered out of the race by Mayor Hurley. This brought out a letter from Pollock that he would be in until the counting of the votes. There was no occasion to bother with the others; I knew they would never quit. So all five of us were securely in the race.

Up to the middle of November not a single denial had been made of my articles and statements. I was supposed to be a joke early

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in the campaign, and my opposition in the political gang had been betting that I would not poll five hundred votes. But three weeks before election they were all copying me and looking for newspaper space in the *News*. This made a distressing situation for Editor Damon.

Up to that time it was the fixed policy of the *News* never to mention me, either as a candidate or as an editor. My name never appeared in the *News*. But, oh, how the public were warned against "gilded youths," "New York men," and "strangers!" Finally the Good Government Association came out in a big rally with a tremendous "slam" upon me for using my newspaper to further my personal campaign. A great chance for me! The next day I came out with four blank columns. At the head of the first column was the following: "This column is placed at the disposal

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of W. H. McSweeney to say what he pleases about himself or our editor." The other three blank columns were dedicated to the other three candidates in the same way. I carried the blank columns for several days, but no advantage was taken of them by the other candidates.

In the meantime I called attention to the fact that my newspaper aimed to be fair to every one, and I adopted the slogan which I carried to the end of the campaign:

IF YOU WANT ANOTHER NEWSPAPER IN
SALEM, VOTE FOR HOWARD

It was very successful. The *News* had had a monopoly of the field for years. Its editor was very arbitrary about what he chose to print, and he had accumulated a number of enemies who felt that he had treated their affairs harshly in his paper.

Meanwhile, I felt that I was getting ac-

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quainted, and that I had gained a good many friends in the city; the young business men of the city, influenced largely by the respect they had for Sanborn and Ed Allen, were coming my way. The labouring population were friendly, and I had reached quite a number of people through my big acquaintance with the children of the city. I was always fond of children, and made it a point to speak to every one I passed on the street. On two occasions I had entertained big gatherings of them, and most of the children knew Editor Howard. With Nellie Bates and Johnny, the newsboy, I had cemented a close friendship. Both of my small friends would be twelve on their next birthdays; both were firmly convinced that I would be elected.

It happened one day that they both were in my office. Johnny sat on the table and glared at Nellie, who was just going out on an

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errand for me. When she had gone Johnny said:

"I don't think much of girls."

"Why not, Johnny?" I asked.

"They are no good, that's all," he said.

"Don't you like Nellie? She is a great chum of mine," I said.

"No," replied Johnny. "Her eyes are too big and she cries. I hate people that slobber."

"Nellie is a sensitive little thing, and you are rough with her Johnny," I said.

"Girls are no good around business," argued Johnny. "Especially that kind."

"Have you a sister, Johnny?" I asked.

"No, and I don't want any," said my little friend. "I steer clear of girls."

Just then Nellie came in with a box of ice cream I had sent her for.

"Nellie has brought us some ice cream," I said to Johnny.

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"Yes," he replied, "but you're the guy that paid for it."

"It was nice of Nellie to go for it," I said.

"Any kid would go for ice cream," said Johmy, bound not to give in.

We divided the cream, and while we were eating it I said:

"In a few years I might grow rich and instead of this rough wood floor we would have a lovely carpet, very, very thick. The windows instead of being cracked and ugly would be of beautiful coloured glass with lovely flowers in the window boxes. We would have pictures of trees and sheep and brooks on the walls, and the building would be painted white, with green blinds. Instead of having ice cream once a week, we would have a big dinner every day, consisting of soup, a big steak, delicious fried potatoes, and end with chocolate cake and ice cream."

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I stopped.

"Wouldn't that be lovely!" said Nellie, going out to put the dishes away.

"It's a wonder she didn't weep," said Johnny. "Girls always do at such rot."

After Nellie had gone, Johnny told me that the boys in his class had taken a vote on who would be elected and that I had most of them.

"I seem to get along with the kids all right; better, I am afraid, than I do with the grown-ups. How is that, Johnny?" I asked.

"Oh," he said sagely, "you're an easy guy for the kids; they're wise to you. If you've got a nickel, any kid can touch you, and you don't know it. They're all on. There isn't one that doesn't know you."

"Do you think I will be elected, Johnny?" I asked.

"Sure," said Johnny; "you've got them sliding for bases."

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"How and why?" I asked.

"Well," said Johnny, rubbing his head, "you're strong with the kids, which tickles the old people, and then you've got an easy way of talking with people that makes a hit, and you're not a tight wad."

"Anything else?" I asked in curiosity.

"Yes," said Johnny. "You're a swell guy that used to have the coin, but it ain't hurt you any."

CHAPTER XIX

I HADN'T been a public speaker until I came to Salem, and I had to gain experience as I went along. In the beginning of the campaign I used to read my speeches, and I always felt that they lacked something. The last of October I had an experience that made me change my method.

I was speaking to about a hundred people in a hall on the outskirts of the city. Among them I became aware of a man of loud and decided opinions about me, who informed his neighbours in the hall that he had come "to hear the freak." He meant that I should hear him, and I did.

The chairman introduced me for a speech of fifteen minutes, and I started to read my

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speech, when, glancing down, I saw my critic looking very dubious at my remarks. Down went my manuscript, and I began to speak extemporaneously, acquiring an energy that I had never known before. I argued my case with that one man. The room was as still as death — not a sound excepting my voice. I argued, told my story, my reasons, and my remedy to that man — that one man. Finally I saw him nod his head as I spoke.

All at once I shouted at him:

“Don’t you agree with me?”

He sprang to his feet and yelled back:

“Damn it, yes!”

I rushed out of the hall; I had spoken two hours.

Soon everybody was inviting me to speak; and the other four candidates were all rushing around speaking, too.

The local organization decided to give a

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rally, and we mayoralty candidates were all put on the platform at the same time.

The Good Government candidate, Mr. Goodhue, was first. He devoted himself to explaining how his ancestors had lived and died in Salem — mostly died.

Billy McSweeney came next. He was one of those “from the Atlantic to the Pacific” orators who throw back their heads and talk into the sky. The gee-lorious emblem was unfurled.

Mayor Hurley, the silk-hatted friend of the people, assured the audience that they were all good fellows; his opponents were good fellows; he was the friend of all; he spoke of his war record.

Mr. Pollock then told of the labour bills he had introduced as a State representative. Then the chairman rose and said:

“The last speaker is unknown. His name

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is Howard, and he comes from New York. That's all he tells us. But we Yankees are a cautious people; we find out things for ourselves. Therefore, gentlemen, I introduce to you, as candidate for mayor, Arthur Howard, the prodigal son."

Very slowly I came forward. I waited until the room was quiet, and said:

"Mr. Chairman: We read in the Good Book that the prodigal son was given everything when he returned home. My grandfather left Salem years ago, rich. I, his grandson, now return, poor. If history repeats itself, I should be given the best you have — namely, the high office of mayor.

"Prodigal sons are supposed to be without relations, and their birthdays are not celebrated. Strange as it may seem, election day is my birthday. There is no one to remember that day for me, or to give me a present. It is

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possible for you all to do a kindly act without any expense attached. I therefore ask each one to give me a present that day — a vote for mayor.”

It caught the crowd.

I was swamped with invitations to speak. Every club, society, and association wanted to hear me. One night I was invited to preach a sermon at the Women’s Temperance Association. My opponents laughed; they thought it a good joke on me. While I addressed the women they could talk with the men, and men, they reasoned, had the votes. I was told that I would get no opportunity to mention politics there.

When the evening came around I appeared and was duly introduced. I announced as my text, the following:

“And there was much murmuring among the people concerning him, for some said, ‘He is a good man’

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others said, 'Nay, he deceiveth the people.'"—St. John vii., 12.

The text gave me a chance to get it all in.

And then a famous drinking club invited me to speak. Here is how I ended my speech:

"I am told that I must avoid the subject of politics at a banquet of this kind, and that is a hard thing to do, because I dream politics at night, have a political breakfast, a political dinner, and a political supper. Far be it from me to-night to say anything about the campaign, or to hint at anything that would have the effect of influencing your vote; but I want to call your attention to one fact: Everywhere I go I see the number 2700. We sold 2700 newspapers to-day; I delivered a speech to-night before I came here that contained 2700 words; a trolley car that I saw this morning was numbered 2700, and my balance in the bank to-night is 2700. Now the politicians tell us that 2700 votes will win this election. If I keep seeing 2700 all over, can you blame me if I think that 2700 is coming to me somehow or other on election day? I figured up to-night that I have 2650 votes. There are just 50 gentlemen here to-night. Think it over."

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Election day was December 14th, and by December 1st I began to "hit up the pace" still more. On that night I made a whirlwind tour in an automobile and made twelve speeches one in each of the twelve precincts of the city. I started at seven o'clock and ended at eleven. The night was dreadfully stormy; it rained, it snowed, and before the tour was over I was half frozen. I received a variety of letters commenting on my performance — some unfavourable, more favourable. One writer said:

Like many others, I was interested in Mr. Howard's whirlwind tour last night. When I saw it rain I did not expect he would go the rounds.

When Mr. Howard arrived in the seventh precinct, I stood by his automobile. He was evidently half frozen. The rain was pouring down on him. His teeth chattered, and his hands were blue with the cold. I admire his pluck and determination to keep his word despite his personal discomfort, and I believe that a

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man who can face Tuesday's storm will face any storm in City Hall for our benefit.

Another man, with a different opinion, wrote:

Editor Howard:

If you think you will get votes by the speech you gave at the corner of Tremont and School streets last night, you will never get to be mayor of Salem. You are rotten as a speech-maker. Will you publish this?

A VOTER.

My pace was too hot for the other four candidates. None of them attempted a whirlwind tour, and by the end of that first week in December they were pretty well tired out. I was working day and night, speaking and getting out the *Dispatch*. Often I slept in a chair in the office after I had seen the paper go to press. I was getting very thin, but I felt well enough. My voice was strong, and I did not feel specially tired.

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But I was continually out of money. We were publishing great editions of the newspaper; but we got a very few advertisements, and my force had to be steadily increased during the campaign. Our receipts did not equal the expense. If it hadn't been for my father and Sanborn and Ed Allen, I never could have pulled through. I got a letter from father every morning. What pleasant letters they were! He never forgot to write me, and he never mentioned the past; but he always warned me to be prepared for defeat, and in each letter there was a clean five-dollar bill. That money went immediately into the newspaper and the campaign, and Sanborn and Allen added what they could spare from their own pockets.

We needed most of all a linotype machine for the *Dispatch*. I had written the Mergenthaler Company offering to buy one, but they

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demanded five hundred dollars cash down. I was "broke." Sanborn and Ed Allen were meeting the pay-roll for me. I had no money, not even an overcoat — only the suit of clothes I had on, and my dress-suit. A linotype seemed impossible.

On Wednesday, the week before election, three men called — a liquor dealers' committee. They said they were giving each candidate two hundred and fifty dollars as a contribution toward a campaign fund. I took mine, went to the telegraph company, and sent the following despatch:

Just wired you two hundred and fifty dollars. If you ship a machine by express to-day I can be elected mayor of this city next Tuesday.

HOWARD.

A risk — yes! They might wire back: "Send us two hundred and fifty dollars more; we'll keep this on account."

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But they didn't. They sent the machine by express, and a man came to set it up. Joe, my Italian man of all work and bodyguard, drew his money from the savings bank and paid the express charges — fifty dollars. A loyal crew were mine! By noon the next day the linotype machine was running.

But now the Howard Campaign Fund was exhausted. We could not raise a dollar more. The five dollars a day from father was the last little thread that held us up, and the week before election was on.

On Tuesday night I made another whirlwind tour. It was cold, but good crowds came out. Having no overcoat, I padded my undercoat with newspapers. Did I catch cold? No; I was too excited.

On Friday two untoward things happened. The usual letter with the five-dollar bill came from father, but the handwriting was not his.

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That afternoon there was a split between my campaign managers. Sanborn and Ed Allen disagreed with Curtis, my associate editor, who was now stumping the town with me. I sided with Curtis; and Sanborn and Allen went away angry. I immediately called on Michael Trainor, a strong supporter of mine, president of the A. O. H. and a fine speaker, and made him campaign manager.

At four o'clock it was bitter cold. We had planned a whirlwind tour. I had to go to bed and send for a doctor; my voice was almost gone. The doctor poulticed and rubbed my throat until half-past six. Then I dressed, and at seven we started on the tour. Trainor was in fine voice, and Curtis spoke well; but I could talk only two minutes at a time. We made every stop to the thirteenth, and last, on schedule time, though to do it we drove our automobile a good part of the way on two wheels.

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And now it was Saturday, and I was really ill. My weight was less than a hundred pounds, and I was very weak. Coffee and quinine were all I could take: the sight of food disgusted me. I could not sleep. Yet I had never been so calm and collected.

Sanborn and Allen came in again that morning, and took care of my mail and saw my callers. The mail was full of threatening letters, and from that time on when I went out on the streets I was always accompanied by two members of my committee. Joe, my Italian pressman, a young Goliath, had watched me for weeks. My friends thought it would be better to take no chances on an assault.

After supper I made two speeches on the streets, and became chilled to the bone. At nine o'clock I went to an indoor rally. As soon as I arrived I was asked to speak, and, as

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usual, got completely absorbed in my topic. Suddenly I seemed to lose my grip; my voice got thick, my head swam, and I started for the stage door, reeling. Sanborn and Ed Allen caught me as I fell, and helped me to my boarding-house, where I fell exhausted on the bed, and went to sleep with my clothes on.

Sunday was the day I had reserved for the French district. As a forerunner I printed a complete newspaper in French in which I not only told all about my opponents but also told what I had done in Salem.

Harry Le Brun was a member of my campaign committee. He stood well with the French people and was president of one of their best clubs. We started right after morning church and went the rounds of the French clubs. They will tell you to-day in Salem that I spoke French at all of those clubs and that by doing so I got a number of their

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votes. I talked plain English, but I spoke very slowly so all could understand. All through my speeches I used French idioms and occasionally said a few sentences together in French. In the excitement of a new candidate and the enthusiasm over hearing their own language, they assumed that I spoke entirely in French. The total number of clubs I spoke at was twenty-four. Mr. Le Brun introduced me in a most flattering manner and assured all the audiences that I could understand them when they spoke even if I could not speak their language fluently.

May I go ahead of my story a little?

When the returns came in on election night, it was learned that we five candidates divided the French vote equally. That evening I spoke at Trainor's club. All Sunday night I tossed in my bed until four in the morning; then I arose and dressed, and sat down at my

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desk. My body was weary, my throat raw, but my head was unusually clear. My looking-glass told me the story of my exhaustion — my face was drawn, my cheeks sunken, and my neck looked like a pipestem.

I sat there in my room, thinking over that strange year of my life which I had just passed — my bankruptcy in New York, the assaults on me, the days in jail, starvation, debts, and one continuance grind of work. And yet, what satisfactory work it had been! How many friends I had made! In New York I had spent over five thousand dollars a year on myself alone; in New England I had not spent five hundred dollars. But that did not keep me from making friends. It is not what a man wears or spends, it is how he acts and what he is that counts in New England.

“I wonder if I can be elected?” I said to myself. “I surely will get a good vote; and

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even if I were not mayor, that would be worth while. A vote of a thousand would be something to be proud of. It would make father so pleased. That in itself would be a great comfort.”

There was a letter in a Boston paper that I was best pleased about:

As long ago as last July, it was observed that Howard would be elected, if any tricks were played in the courts. Placing the Damon case before the Doyle case made it look as though Howard had been. This city is large enough for two newspapers. Why should Howard be stopped? He never printed a scandal, and all he writes is in good nature, and apparently true, as we have had no denials so far. The people here are ready for a change, ready for a leader, and he has come from the outside. His mind is right, his heart is right, and his whole soul is in his work.

I wished my father could see that! I had no money, not even sufficient clothing; but — “his mind is right, his heart is right, and his

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whole soul is in his work." And the writer of
this letter stood very high in Salem.

It was five o'clock and I was at my office —
five o'clock on Monday, the day before elec-
tion. At ten o'clock we had sold out our entire
edition. The newsboys were howling for more
papers, and we had no more paper to print on.
It was up to me to devise some scheme to
keep the newsboys from selling the *News* that
afternoon. The idea came. I ran off fifty
big cards on the press. They read:

IT'S IN THE AIR
HOWARD

I sent out fifty boys, each holding aloft one
of these placards. They made a hit.

The one thing left now was the big rally that
night. We had engaged the large Now and

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Then Association Hall. We were to reserve the gallery for women — an innovation. We planned to make it a striking occasion in every way. I had the whole day in which to prepare my speech. My circle of backers all came in for one last conference. It looked good for me in every ward. After some desultory talk they all went away except Bill Sanborn.

“I was never interested in politics before in my life,” he remarked.

“Neither was I,” I answered.

“Well,” said Bill, “I’d like to see you win — not only for your own sake, but your father’s. He must be a fine old man.”

“He certainly is,” said Ed Allen, stepping back into the room again.

“It would please him,” I said, “if I only got five hundred votes.”

“You make me tired,” said Sanborn.

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"You are elected, sure. The other candidates are almost crazy. And, when you are, I am going over to New York, and have a talk with your father, and tell him what you've done here."

They went down the stairs together, laughing, and I turned back into my little office.

Johnny came running in.

"Good morning, Mayor," he said.

"Hello, Johnny. What's on your mind?" I said.

"Nothing; only a guy gave me this telegram for you," said Johnny, thrusting it into my hand. I tore it open and read:

Arthur Howard, Salem, Mass.: Your father passed away Sunday night. Funeral Wednesday morning.

HOWARD & COMPANY.

* * * * *

I had walked five miles. I was not the least tired, but my head seemed on fire. I

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could not get my thoughts together. All at once I found myself coming in out of the country road to the city. The children were coming out of the schoolhouse across the street, and I waved my hand at them. Nellie Bates came running out of the crowd.

"It was my birthday yesterday," said Nellie, as we walked on together.

"How old were you?"

"I'm twelve."

"You are a very wise little lady for twelve years of age."

"I am wise enough," she answered quickly, "to know you are going to be elected mayor to-morrow."

"Don't be too sure," I said.

We walked on in silence for a block or two.

"Mother telephoned me at school," she said.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

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"She told me about your father," said Nellie.

We still walked on — in silence.

"I am so sorry" — she was crying. "I am so sorry," she started again. "Mother says you always spoke of him in your speeches. Mother says you must have been very fond of each other."

We turned into the main street.

"You don't want me to talk about your father, do you?" she asked.

"Yes; that's all right."

"If my dad died, I would cry," said the child. "All you do is to stare. If my dad died, I would never stop crying."

We turned into the *Dispatch* office, and went to my little room. Bill and Ed stood up as we came in. I lit a cigar, and the three of us smoked in silence.

"How about to-night?" said Bill at last.

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"I can't do it," I said shortly.

"Then you're defeated," said Ed.

"I don't care," I replied. "Let Trainor and Curtis speak. I cannot."

"What was Mr. Howard going to do to-night?" asked Nellie.

No one answered her.

"What do they want you to do?" she persisted.

"I was to speak at the Now and Then Hall," I said, "but I can't do that now."

"Hundreds will be disappointed," said Bill.

"I can't do that, Bill," I said. "I really cannot."

"If you don't speak, Mr. Howard, everybody will go to hear the others," said Nellie.

"That's it exactly," said Bill and Ed together.

I went out alone to my boarding-house.

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At half-past seven Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen came to my room.

"I have got a carriage outside," said Bill.

"Wear your dress-suit," said Ed. "That suit you've got on is in the last stages of decay."

I got into my evening clothes, and we went to the hall. Trainor was introducing Curtis as I came in the rear way. I sat in an ante-room with Bill and Ed and the doctor, who was spraying my throat for me so I could speak.

Curtis was very brief — told of my father's death, and asked the indulgence of the audience for me. Trainor then introduced me, but I did not go on to the platform until he spoke my name. There were sixteen hundred people in the hall. I was given a great reception.

I began in a low voice. I did not know what to say at first, but I soon started a frank

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story of my life in Salem. I spoke of my failure in New York, my fight to get a foothold, the misery and effort and discouragements of that busy year. You could hear a pin drop as I went on. It was nine o'clock, half-past nine, almost ten o'clock. No one stirred. As the clock struck ten, I realized I must finish. I came close to the front, and began to plead with my audience.

"We read in the Good Book," I said, "where it says: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things'; and again, we read those beautiful words of Ruth: 'Thy people shall be my people.' I plead with you for my election, for the chance to show you what I can do. I have worked hard — had my successes, had my disappointments."

My voice broke, and I looked around helplessly.

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Trainor leaned forward.

"Go on, go on!" he said.

With a great effort, I went on again:

"There are friends and relatives in New York who are disappointed in me. I came to Salem a year ago to start life anew. All that I ask is that you give me a chance, so that those who knew me, those who liked me, and those who loved me in my distant home will say: 'He has made good.'"

I motioned with my hand that I was through. The house was still as death; a number of the women in the gallery were crying.

And then it came—from pit to gallery — cheer after cheer after cheer. I walked off the stage. My muscles seemed to contract, and everything grew dim. The doctor picked up a tumbler of water and dashed it in my face. I burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

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It was midnight when I reached my boarding-house and got to bed. At four o'clock I awoke. Somehow I felt that there was some one outside my door. I opened it, and saw my landlady stretched back in a chair, asleep. Good old soul — how she had worried over me through the campaign!

At six o'clock I was called. Sanborn and Ed Allen had come for me in an automobile. They took me to vote — my first vote in Massachusetts. Then we rounded up the polling-places, and finally we went for a spin in the country. We had lunch somewhere, but I could not eat. At four o'clock we went to Link Allen's house to get the returns. About a dozen of the faithful were there; a supper was laid out, and a punch-bowl appeared on the table.

One by one the precincts came in. The swing was clearly in my direction. Ten pre-

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cincts were in. I had a lead that could not be overcome. The punch-bowl was surrounded; snatches of song, jocular talk, and cheers arose around it. I sat alone in a corner, with my tables of election figures. The messengers came and went; the telephone jangled incessantly. The street outside was filling up with people.

Precinct eleven came; I carried it. Precinct twelve arrived; I carried that. I had won! I, Arthur Howard, bankrupt and stranger, had been made chief executive of one of the oldest and most conservative cities in the United States, in less than fourteen months after my arrival.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen and Heman Curtis were dancing up and down before me like mad. The reporters of the big Boston papers came in and asked for interviews. Crowds poured into the house. A band came playing

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down the street, and the crowd outside were crying, "Howard, Howard, Howard!" Then some one got my overcoat — no, it was not my overcoat. The mayor-elect of Salem had no overcoat. It was some one's overcoat, anyway. I was led out of the house; everybody was shaking hands with me. I was in an auto; so were Ed Allen and Sanborn and Link Allen; Johnny was on the step.

"Bow, you fool — take off your hat!" said Link Allen, punching me.

People were everywhere. Windows flew open. We started off. Ahead of us a band was playing, "See, the conquering hero comes." It sounded ten miles off to me.

More cheers, more people. I never was so confused in my life.

The streets were full of children. We passed the orphan asylum. I thought such institutions closed at nine o'clock; yet all the

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children were in the windows, cheering. Behind the automobile came high-school boys, with locked arms, yelling: "Howard, Howard, Mayor Howard!"

And now we swing into the old political centre — Town House Square. The automobile stops, and, forced by the singing of the crowd, the band has changed its tune. Hundreds and thousands of voices have caught the words:

"We'll hang Robin Damon to a sour apple tree."

Johnny pulled my coat. "It beats the circus, don't it?" he yelled in my ear.

Round the old square we go, the place one solid mass of humanity. I am bowing right and left. And now we are in the grimy old railroad station. I am helped out, and almost swamped by the crowd. Trainor has one arm, Link the other, Bill Sanborn strides

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forward, and lifts me like a child into the back platform of the train. I did not know a train was there.

Everybody is yelling, "Speech!"

I have lost the power of speech: I cannot even think. Suddenly silence. Trainor is speaking. I don't understand one word he is saying, except "Thank you."

And now I am alone. The crowd is yelling. Above them hats shoot up into the air, a jolt, and we move. Suddenly I find my voice:

"Oh, you Salem!" I yell.

Back came ten thousand voices: "Oh, you New York."

I wave my hat.

I have no ticket. Yes, I have; it's in my hand. I remembered Ed Allen gave me something, and I still have on somebody's overcoat. And now we are moving fast, and leaving Salem. I turn and enter the car.

THE MAN WHO BUCKED UP

My thoughts turn from the noise and glare to the silent scene which will next meet me — to my father lying dead in New York.

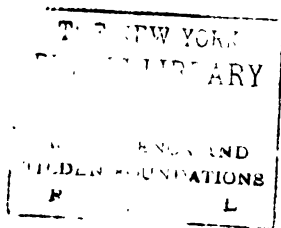
There are only a few passengers — a couple of travelling men. In front of them are Ned Bates and his wife. Thank Heaven I am alone. I sink wearily into a seat.

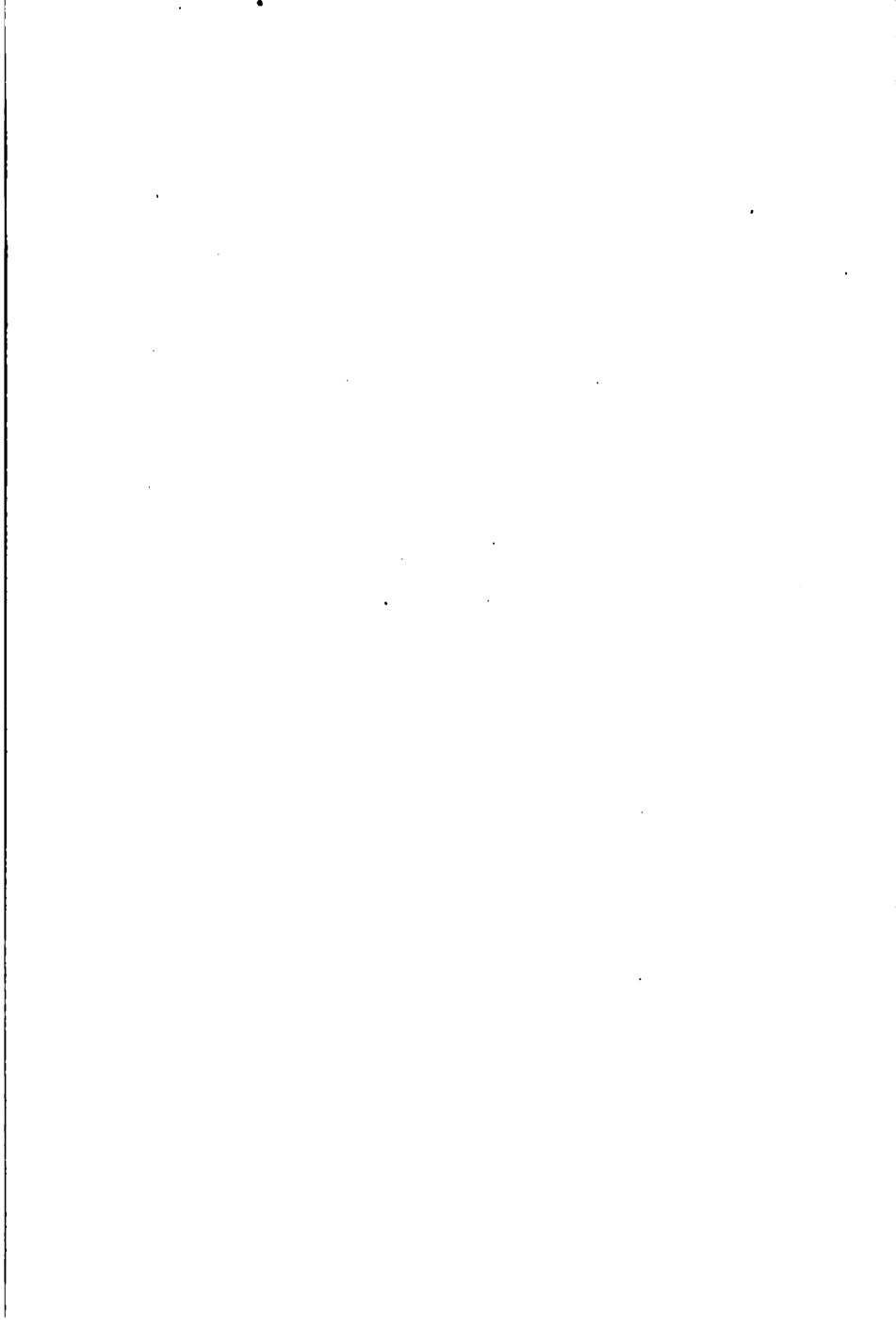
But I am not alone. There is some one beside me — some one small, some one with big eyes, smiling happily. Nellie Bates is sitting by me. Our eyes meet — her smile fades away. She turns, in her impetuous way, throws her arms around my neck, and — well, we cried, both of us, as if our hearts would break.

THE END



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